The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Gangland's Brazen Challenge to Chicago

"IT IS WAR.

"There will be casualties, but that is to be expected, it being war.

"Justice will make a fight, or abdicate."

Thus the Chicago *Tribune* accepts the "challenge of gangland" in the daylight street killing of its veteran crime reporter, Alfred ("Jake") Lingle.

Chicago is white-hot with anger. With both fists the city is striking back at its hoodlums. Thunderous is the chorus of denunciation, protest and supplication over this murder of a reporter—a brutal killing in which, we read, gangland "stept across the line" for the first time to strike down a citizen, a man who, perhaps, "knew too much."

Leaping over the body of his victim, the gunman escaped. But the furious hue and cry raised instantly throughout the city brought hopes that he would be run down. Three days after the crime 600 men had been seized in a round-up ordered by Police Commissioner Russell, a personal friend of Mr. Lingle. Spurring the hunt, Mr. Lingle's paper offered a reward of $25,000 for information leading to the conviction of the slayer. To this *The Herald and Examiner* added an equal amount, and *The Evening Post* $5,000. The Press Club offered $10,000 more, raising the total to $65,000.

P. & A. photograph

Gangland's Victim

Alfred L. Lingle, Chicago reporter, who was shot down in the street.

Clues to the assassin were a left-handed silk glove, used to avoid leaving finger-prints on the short-barreled pistol, which he also threw away in flight. It was a single bullet, fired from behind, we read, that ended the life of "Jake" Lingle, crime expert, "mystery man," a friend of gang leaders, police officials, and politicians. For several days he had been endeavoring to find out the cause of the recurrence of gang killings. His own death made the eleventh murder in ten days. Says *The Tribune:*

"As for a motive, there was no direct one, it appears. 'Jake' Lingle for years has been 'covering' the underworld for *The Tribune*. He had come to know gang leaders, and he has sifted the crimes they have committed in efforts to bring about solutions.

"Whether in giving information against members of the gangs Jake Lingle put himself in line for assassination is not yet known. But all of the law-enforcing officers of the city and county promised that it would be known. If ever there was a slaying upon which officials build hope of bringing a halt to lawlessness in Chicago, it appeared that the killing of Lingle would be the spur to this task."

Lingle was shot in the Illinois Central pedestrian subway under Michigan Boulevard at Randolph Street at 1:25 P. M., on Monday, June 9, when he was on his way to catch a train to the Washington Park race-track, *The Tribune* tells us, "and the manner of his murder, as described by a score of witnesses, who agreed on the essential details, indicated that it had been deliberately planned and executed." Reading further:

"At the public library Lingle stopt to buy a newspaper and a *Racing Form*. As he started toward the entrance to the tunnel under Michigan Avenue, he was hailed by the three men sitting in a roadster parked at the corner.

"'Don't forget to play Hy Snyder,' they called. Lingle waved his hand and laughed. He started down the stairway. At this point, it appears from the stories of the witnesses, he was joined by two men, one of whom was the slayer.

"Whether they knew him, and he them, or whether they just sidled alongside of him in the walk through the subway, is not known.

"One witness, Patrick Campbell, declared he had just alighted from a suburban train a few minutes before, and was going westward through the tunnel.

"'I saw the man who was shot, coming along with one man on each side of him. One of the men stopt at the news-stand, and bought a paper, lagging behind an instant. Then I passed them all, and a second later I heard a shot.'"

DROPPING the glove and pistol as he ran, the slayer and his companion darted through the crowd in opposite directions. A traffic policeman chased the killer for a block and a half, then lost him in an alley.

So daring was the crime that Commissioner Russell said he believed it was due to a personal feud, and not to gangland. A theory that Mr. Lingle was slain for his part in aiding Arthur Cutten, stock operator, track down the bandits who robbed the Cutten home and locked the family in a vault eight years ago was discounted by authorities.

Whatever lies behind the murder, the city is stirred to its depths. The crime, it seems, is generally accepted as the "challenge of gangland." "It has all the appearance of an attempt to terrorize the newspapers," declares *The Evening Post*. Furious attacks are made upon the police for alleged inefficiency, and worse. Thus Alderman John B. Bowler declared, according to the New York *Times's* Chicago correspondent:

"I think the police are in league with gangsters, altho I can't prove it, of course. I know the police are not functioning 100 per cent. Some are not functioning even 5 per cent.

"To think of a man getting killed in the Loop and the killers escaping! If the police can't do the job, let's get rid of them."

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Mr. Lingle's paper, *The Tribune*, says editorially:

"The meaning of this murder is plain. It was committed in reprisal and in attempt at intimidation. Mr. Lingle was a police reporter, and an exceptionally well-informed one. His personal friendship included the highest police officials, and the contacts of his work had made him familiar to most of the big and little figures in gangland. What made him valuable to his newspaper marked him as dangerous to the killers.

"*The Tribune* accepts this challenge. It is war. There will be casualties, but that is to be expected, it being war. *The Tribune* has the support of all the other Chicago newspapers. It has offered a reward of $25,000 for evidence upon which the killer or killers of Mr. Lingle can be convicted.

"Newspapers throughout the country can make a public sentiment which will have its effect upon the Federal Government. Its principal activity here has been the collection of income taxes on gang profits. It has held the gangsters to a financial accounting, and no other. The Government has sued them. It has known them and their crimes well enough to audit them, but that has been all. The challenge of crime to the community must be accepted. It has been given with bravado. It is accepted, and we'll see what the consequences are to be.

"Justice will make a fight, or it will abdicate."

The King Still Reigns
—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

IN announcing its addition of $5,000 to the reward offered by *The Tribune*, *The Evening Post* says:

"*The Post* believes that in a situation of this desperate nature there should be cooperation on the part of the press for the sake of its own freedom of utterance and the peace and security of the community. An attack on one newspaper is an attack on all. In large measure the hope of the community for effective warfare against its enemies lies in the possession of courageous and outspoken newspapers. Chicago has such a press, and the present occasion seems to us one on which it should demonstrate that it is a united press.

"If, as we suspect, this is indeed an underworld attack on the press, it may well prove to be the biggest tactical blunder which gangland has made. Chicago's newspapers are not to be deterred from doing their full duty in behalf of the public by any show of gangster terrorism."

A vigorous attack on the police department is launched by *The Daily News:*

"Every fresh gang murder that is piled upon the growing mountain of unsolved gang murders committed in Chicago and its suburban territory increases the general insecurity of human life in this community. Some complaisant persons are wont to say that the gangsters merely kill one another, thus saving the public the cost of convicting them. That shallow view can not be dismissed too summarily. It is a dangerous delusion.

"The murder of Alfred Lingle, reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* is a plain notification that under the present police administration the gangsters regard themselves as free to run the city for their own vicious uses. The heads of the police department in their profest efforts to deal with this unmitigated evil which so besmirches the good name of the city have shown themselves incompetent, or worse. The gangsters treat them with contemptuous tolerance. Their ineffectual motions in the wake of each fresh gang killing are little more than feeble imitations of intelligent effort.

"Public tolerance with such police service has reached its limit. Commissioner Russell and Deputy Commissioner Stege have had their opportunity to break up the criminal gangs that infest the city. They have failed, for whatever cause. Their methods no longer inspire public confidence. If they can not begin now, to-day, to cope successfully with the shameful situation by intelligent and energetic action, they ought to go."

"CHICAGO is disgusted with its headless, footless city administration," asserts *The Herald and Examiner:*

"The miserable inefficiency of the Chicago Police Department is demonstrated before the world. The average citizen believes the department is corrupt.

"Murder will not out if public officials intrusted with enforcement of the law busy themselves blotting out the trail of tribute leading from gangland, instead of identifying the footprints.

"Bootlegging, gambling, prostitution pay for police protection and get lagnappe in indifference to gang murders incident to carrying on those criminal activities.

"Honest investigation of many a recent murder might have concentrated attention on important links in the chain of graft that binds politics and the police to crime. Citizens' committees that have come forward to take a hand in cleaning up Chicago have been feeble expressions of rising public anger.

"The crime commission appears to be mainly engaged in compiling statistics. The 'secret six' appears to be only an effective title for a moving-picture. Chicago is disgusted with its headless, footless city administration, so streaked with rottenness that honest men in it, thinking of their daily bread, keep their mouths shut and their eyes closed.

"There must be some men in this city, either in public office or in private life, who have sufficient character to be above graft—men of sufficient courage and high enough sense of civic duty to put the work of rescuing this city above the business of making money.

"If there are no such men, Chicago is in a bad way indeed.

"If we are without capable leadership, we must turn to the Governor of this State and cry for help.

"Gang rule, with its concomitant murder in the public streets, must be ruthlessly stamped out if it takes the establishment of martial law to do it."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Why pity a giant? (p. 16).
2. What is a *karakurt?* (p. 14).
3. How do the English explain American gunmen? (p. 19).
4. What was the Denver "hen huddle"? (p. 23).
5. Where in Europe are Church and State clashing? (p. 13).
6. Is our thinking divorced from the brain? (p. 16).
7. Who is *Variety's* best "play-picker" for 1929-30? (p. 21).
8. How much of the energy in the gasoline goes into propelling an automobile? (p. 38).
9. What place has chance in the modern view of evolution? (p. 16).
10. What Mediterranean island is Italy said to crave? (p. 13).
11. How many motor-boats in the United States? (p. 36).
12. What vegetables contain all seven vitamin factors? (p. 17).
13. What is the longest lived insect known? (p. 18).
14. Does Shaw know as much about music as he thinks he does? (p. 21).
15. Who is said to be the first doctor to use an airplane regularly? (p. 29).
16. What are "identical twins"? (p. 18).
17. What form of literature is most widely read? (p. 20).
18. What dangers may lie in silver polish? (p. 17).
19. What colors does a fly hate? (p. 17).
20. Is the wife entitled to a vacation from home ties? (p. 24).

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A Holmes Spank for the Supreme Court

HERE IS THE SNOWY-CROWNED senior member of the Supreme Court bench in years and length of service, so recently eulogized and honored on the occasion of his eighty-ninth birthday, giving the august tribunal what the Baltimore *Sun* calls "inside spanking," with "a warning that might have been put into the mouths of any number of Senators" who opposed the appointment of Judge Parker.

Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes can see "hardly any limit but the sky" to decisions by a majority of his Supreme Court associates based on any reason that happens to seem desirable to them.

Always soberly but meticulously drest; tall, lean, somewhat stoop-shouldered; spry, despite the Civil War shots through breast, neck, and foot in the 60's; flashing blue-gray eye; ringing voice; the temper of the soldier and the aristocrat; but courteous; deeply concerned with justice; singularly open-minded; "inescapably young"; Justice Holmes has been hailed as the "Nestor" and the "Grand Old Man of the Judiciary."

Champion of human rights rather than property rights is the rôle attributed to him by the favoring press for his latest opinion in decrying the Court majority's encroachment on State rights. "No graver words have ever been spoken by a Justice of the Supreme Court—certainly not since another Massachusetts man, Mr. Justice Curtis, read his dissent in the Dred Scott Case," says *The New Republic*. To quote Justice Holmes's dissenting opinion:

"I have not yet adequately exprest the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the States.

"As the decisions now stand I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable.

"I can not believe that the Amendment was intended to give us carte blanche to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. Yet I can think of no narrower reason that seems to me to justify the present and the earlier decisions to which I have referred.

"Of course the words 'due process of law,' if taken in their literal meaning, have no application to this case; and while it is too late to deny that they have been given a much more extended and artificial significance, still we ought to remember the great caution shown by the Constitution in limiting the power of the States, and should be slow to construe the clause in the Fourteenth Amendment as committing to the Court, with no guide but the Court's own discretion, the validity of whatever laws the States may pass."

International Newsreel photograph

Alert Justice Holmes

Snap-shotted on his eighty-ninth birthday.

THE clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to which Mr. Justice Holmes refers forbids States to "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." "Nothing said in the course of the Senate debate on the Hughes and Parker nominations was more outspoken," declares the New York *World*, when Senators "charged that the conservative majority of the Court has used the clause to strike down economic and social legislation in the States merely because this legislation was radical and because the conservative majority believed it to be unsound as a matter of public policy rather than as a matter of law."

The Boston *Globe* notes that—

"The rest of the Fourteenth Amendment has become little more than a scrap of paper, but the clause about property and due process of law is now one of the most important in the entire Constitution. It is invoked and sustained in ways which would make the authors wonder at the amazing turns taken by words, however carefully selected."

"To Holmes, it is not treason to imply that Justices are not infallible interpreters of the Constitution," observes the Milwaukee *Journal*, "but may be very fallibly reading into it their own prejudices." Further,

"Chief Justice Hughes and Justices McReynolds, Van Devanter, Sutherland, and Butler were, no one doubts, putting their best thought and conscience into the majority decision of this particular case, which involved taxation. But Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone fear that these five were embodying their own economic or moral beliefs.

"Then is it not proper for the Senate, charged with the duty of approving or disapproving nominees to the Supreme Bench, to inquire whether the preponderance of one kind of economic or moral opinion may not become dangerous?"

The point at issue in the case decided, Missouri's right to lay an inheritance tax on bonds held there by a decedent resident of Illinois, and in the first instance subject to Illinois inheritance tax, was denied by the majority opinion. As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees it:

"Probably there will be wide-spread support for the verdict because of the growing resentment over the iniquities of multiple levies on estates.

"Justice Holmes suggests the situation might be met by uniform legislation among the States. Already operative in more than a score is the reciprocity legislation sponsored by Pennsylvania. But this fact is often overlooked in the popular feeling, which is less likely to scrutinize the details as the minority Justices have done.

"The Fourteenth Amendment is censurable in many particulars.

"It covers too many subjects.

"Ratified when the hatreds engendered by the Civil War were most bitter, its note at times is almost shrill. It was born of a punitive emotion toward the South. With the passing of those animosities, the language ought not to be stretched to cover situations beyond the original intent.

"Justice Holmes does well to rebuke the modern tendency in construing it."

This approving word for the majority decision comes from the Chicago *Daily News:*

"Plainly, it should tend materially to lessen the recognized and deplored evil of multiple State taxation of estates of deceased persons. Such a consummation is much to be desired. In time it will have to be brought about, if necessary, by suitable amendment of the Federal Constitution."

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Prodigal Prince Becomes King Carol II

"CAROL IS KING OF ROUMANIA until further notice."

"Roumania gives back throne he quit for a woman."

"A new peasant household god, whose amorous adventures are the only tangible testimony to his manhood."

"Veritable Balkan history—not a Hollywood scenario."

Such episodes in the latest royal family drama our press reels off, with comparisons to "comic opera" and "fiction and films outdone." "Carol's Comeback" appears to be favorite Americanese for the successful *coup d'état*. Yet comment is frequently tempered with hope that in reality a frivolous prince may now become serious and useful in these latter days of the king business.

International Newsreel photograph

Happy as a King

Carol, who flew back to the throne he once scorned "for love"

Carol has "run the gamut of royal possibilities," the Macon *Telegraph* reminds us, for "he has been royal prince, husband of a morganatic wife, husband of a royal wife, father of a king, princely lover, royal exile, and now a prodigal son gone back to his country for the fatted calf."

"What galls us is the spectacle of the young man getting away with it all," ejaculates the Cleveland *News;* "as we look around us and think, we are imprest by the fact that justice is not very evenly distributed, no matter what the fables say."

In more detail the events leading up to the "comedy or tragedy" are rehearsed by the Philadelphia *Record:*

"Prince Carol startled the royal world by marrying beneath him in 1918. His mother, Queen Marie, had the marriage annulled. She engineered a match with Princess Helen, of Greece.

"That marriage broke up.

"The profligate Carol eloped with Magda Lupescu, daughter of a junk dealer. Five years ago he formally renounced his right to the throne, and Parliament declared him a commoner.

"In 1927, his father, King Ferdinand, died. Carol's son, Michael, then five years old, became king, under a regency council. This was pleasing to the conservative Vintila Bratianu, Premier. Bratianu ruled until 1928, when the Peasant party joined with the Nationalists, and in a peaceful revolution threw Bratianu out and put Julian Maniu in as Premier.

"This group favored, and still favors, Carol. They distrust Queen Marie, and Carol's relations with his queen mother are not pleasant.

"The peasants welcome Carol with great enthusiasm.

"Maniu has resigned. After Carol is securely on the throne, Maniu will probably go back.

"For Carol it means regal glory and power.

"For Maniu it means strong support in the royal house.

"For the peasants it means a crowned ruler who professes sympathy for their needs.

"For Roumania it means—who knows?

"These royal operettas are never finished."

In this royal family affair, Carol's twenty-six-year-old brother, Nicholas, one of the three members of the regency council, but more anxious to marry than carry on State responsibilities, is said to have sent the word from Bucharest to Carol: "The time is ripe." Carol is thirty-six, and in natty military aviator's uniform was welcomed by detachments of the Roumanian Army on landing by airplane, at midnight, from Paris.

NEXT day, a fête-day, the National Assembly proclaimed him King under the Constitution, dating back his reign to the death of King Ferdinand in 1927. Little Michael, not yet quite nine years old, King in name under the regency, returns to ponies and play-days as crown prince and heir presumptive.

Father and son appear in Bucharest streets together to lay wreaths upon the tomb of the "unknown soldier" and kneel at King Ferdinand's grave. Negotiations for reconciliation between Carol and his divorced wife Helen, Michael's mother, proceed in contemplation of later coronation ceremonies for possibly both King and Queen.

Carol makes brother Nicholas Inspector-General in his reorganization of the Army. Dowager Queen Marie, at Oberammergau for the Passion Play when Carol is proclaimed King, wires affection to both her sons. And her three daughters, Elizabeth, exiled wife of former King George of Greece; Marie, wife of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, and Ileana, still unmarried, may be expected to complete the family circle on coronation day. Finally, family press-agenting for the occasion recalls that Mother Queen Marie is a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the latter a son of Queen Victoria of England.

Photograph by Underwood

Queen if She Chooses

Helen, mother of Michael, who divorced the runaway Carol

"IF Carol has any manly attributes," the manner in which he has been received should prompt him to "try to meet the happy expectancy of the Roumanian people," remarks the Troy *Record*. "He appears chiefly as a political opportunist" to the Camden *Post*. "So far the wandering prince has done nothing but bring royalty into disrepute," observes the New York *Evening Post;* "he can not afford to fail in this second chance which the Roumanian people have so kindly—and foolishly—given him."

"Whether satiety fits him for the Roumanian responsibilities he proposes to assume is, after all, a question for Roumanians," says the Louisville *Herald-Post*, which thus emphasizes his appeal to the "man or woman on the farm," the Peasants or Agrarian party:

"They have always taken delight even in his escapades, and have been quite unwilling to admit that his moral shortcomings amounted to more than the ebullience of youth. A king's a king for a' that, seems to be the popular view, and it is likely to have a good deal of weight in a land where the peasant holds the balance of power."

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"A general impression is that King Carol is not a man of force," comments the New York *Times*, continuing:

"While he has undoubtedly suffered from unfavorable publicity, he has also the handicap of coming from a branch of the Hohenzollern family that has not been distinguished for virile character. Yet from his mother he has inherited the strain of Queen Victoria.

"Bred in the unsavory environs of the Roumanian Court and social life, the odds have been against him from the beginning.

"For the sake of the Roumanian people, it is to be hoped that his new responsibility will bring out his mettle, and that he will be able to use a strong guiding hand in leading his country out of its present troubles and establishing it on the firm foundations of its peasant stock."

WHILE on the surface King Carol's accession may look like "the realization of a mere princeling's ambition," the Washington *Evening Star* asserts that, in fact, it is "a development of the widest political magnitude." We read:

"The new King is a young, handsome, dashing prince, modern in his ideas, beloved in the Army, and, doubtless, chastened and sobered by the adventurous experiences he has weathered.

"To some observers remote from Roumania's boundaries, there may be an ominous note in his statement that his first effort as King will be to develop an army 'capable of maintaining Roumania's frontiers.' Both Soviet Russia and Hungary dream of 'rectifying' Roumania's frontiers in their own favor. Whether the emphasis King Carol lays on his military program is conducive to peace-mindedness in Central Europe, time will tell."

International Newsreel photograph

Red-haired Madame Lupescu

Who kept blond Carol from his throne for five years

Carol's kingly manifesto pleads for unity of factions under the monarchy. And altho but one vote—that of Vintila Bratianu—was recorded against his reenthronement by Parliament, family, political and military cliques have made intrigues the prevailing Roumanian habit. Censorship of the press, lese-majesty proceedings against political critics, military demotions and promotions, along with certain proclamations of amnesties, mark the first days of his régime. Prince Barbu Stirbey, long an intimate friend of Queen Marie, and leader in Prince Carol's banishment, is said to be going into voluntary exile.

Many papers see some advantages in the ascension of a father-king, compared to a regency-rule, waiting for a child-king to grow up. Representative of considerable press comment is this conclusion of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"From a Nordic point of view, the habits of Carol have left much to be desired.

"But even the sternest of moralists will admit that there is no essential relation between royal morals and royal ability. From the time of Henry VIII down, there have been many kings of deplorable morals who were downright good administrators.

"If Carol will really settle down and apply his exuberant energies to the task of governing his country, there is much he can do for his people."

DESPITE all the journalistic exploitation of this *coup d'état*, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* calls for more information:

"What does Helen, the princess, think, and what does Magda, the red-haired lady, who five years ago won Carol from the throne, think?

"The women of America, we are sure, would like to know; and we are just as sure the men would. We shall await special interviews with these ladies with much interest.

"And we should like to have the inside dope on Carol's motivations, also.

"What climacteric swept over this young man that remade him from Europe's bad boy to a conventional king, spouting the conventionalities of patriotism and justice, overnight?

"Was he more attracted by the throne or by the princess, his late wife?

"Was he more urged on by conscience or by weariness with the gentle Magda, whose news photographs mercilessly depict the onslaught of the years?

"Where are all the interpretative writers, the psychoanalysts, the scientific witch-doctors who usually explain these matters to the public? Roumania must be indeed a backward country, for apparently there are none of them there."

Keystone View Company

Michael Forgets the Crown

In glee over recovering a "lost daddy"

In the chancelleries of Europe, the Boston *Herald* thinks the effect of Carol's restoration upon foreign policy will be anxiously awaited, for—

"The Bratianus were primarily responsible for the Francophile sentiment that Roumania had before, during, and after the war. Should Carol prefer the policies of his Hohenzollern grandfather, King Carol I, which were based on friendship with Germany, Austria, and Italy, an important shift in the balance of power may be forthcoming. In any event, Roumania may now look forward to a new era."

"The old autocracy is crusht," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal;* the Bratianu group "can no longer lord it over the country":

"There is no apology for Carol's wildness but his return. It marks the end for those champions of morality who sent him into exile in order that they might continue to usurp authority and rifle the treasury. And it was effected without force or bloodshed."

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Why North Carolina Drops Her "Little Giant"

THE TARHEEL "LITTLE GIANT" will be missed in Washington.

Not because he is physically conspicuous—far from it! Senator Simmons is a short, gray, frail sort of man, seventy-six years old, with a soft voice, who walks down those Senate aisles he knows so well with a short, shuffling step.

Yet this inconspicuous Furnifold McLendel Simmons has been a power on Capitol Hill. Now senior United States Senator in point of service, he is ranking Democratic member of the tariff-making and tax-framing Finance Committee, and was its chairman when in the days of Democratic supremacy he helped frame the Underwood-Simmons tariff.

Keystone photograph

The Giant-Killer
Josiah W. Bailey.

And he has been a power in North Carolina, where his five successive terms as Senator have made him North Carolina's most potent champion in Washington since the Civil War, and where for more than thirty years he has been the almost undisputed boss of North Carolina Democratic politics.

Now his political career ends in his defeat by Josiah W. Bailey in the recent Democratic primaries in his State. The defeat is attributed first of all to his unpardonable crime of party irregularity in bolting the Smith ticket in 1928. So North Carolina papers insist, tho they call attention to other contributory causes. There was nation-wide interest in the North Carolina primary, because it was expected to furnish some indication whether the break in Southern political solidity in 1928 was permanent. The defeat of Mr. Simmons by a 75,000 majority convinces most observers that the Democratic South is resolidifying.

Now first of all let us hear a little of what is being said in North Carolina. In the absence of comment from colleagues of Senator Simmons, we find former Representative John H. Small of North Carolina calling the result "a righteous retribution for a treasonable desertion of his party in 1928." And this note appears in much North Carolina Democratic editorial comment. As the Wilmington *Star-News* puts it: "the Democratic party of North Carolina has gone on record to the effect that a public office-holder who deserts the national party must pay with his official head." The Charlotte *News* bears witness to "the simple truth that the self-respect and integrity of the Democratic party of North Carolina has been paramounted anew." This, declares the Henderson *Dispatch*, is the "emphatic truth":

"In North Carolina party regularity amounts to a religious passion, and the man who bolts or scratches has little on which to hang his hopes for success in seeking political preferment. North Carolina Democrats simply do not do business that way."

In its editorial columns the Raleigh *News and Observer*—whose owner, Josephus Daniels, maintained careful neutrality during the primary campaign—summarizes the reasons that retire Mr. Simmons to private life after thirty years of honorable service. They are: the hostility caused by his bolting the national ticket in 1928; the growing resentment against the long-powerful Simmons machine; the growing up of a generation of young voters, almost ignorant of a Senator who has done no active campaigning for nearly twenty years; the unpopularity of the Hoover Administration in North Carolina, based partly on industrial distress and the absence of effective Prohibition enforcement promised by Hoover; and the Senator's "ancient opposition to woman suffrage."

The Durham *Herald*, too, mentions several of these reasons and emphasizes the fact that "the old order passeth, and the younger element of the party is taking charge." And the Gastonia *Gazette* finds in Mr. Bailey's nomination the beginning of a new machine in North Carolina. In Mr. Bailey's home city of Raleigh, *The Times*, expressing satisfaction with the Democratic nominee, speaks of him thus:

"A keen, intense character, with a youthful impulse to new doctrines, he has grown and mellowed and come to a safe mental anchor. He is fifty-seven years old."

Underwood photograph

The "Little Giant"
Senator Simmons.

And now that we are talking about Mr. Bailey, we might interrupt this roll-call of North Carolina papers to say that Mr. Bailey is a former Simmons leader, a lawyer, once the editor of the *Baptist Recorder*, and naturally a Baptist by faith. In former years he was an active Prohibitionist. And during the campaign he has reaffirmed his dryness, altho there were assertions that the wets were supporting him.

Well, here is the Asheville *Citizen*, in that western mountain section of the State which gave Mr. Bailey such a big vote, describing him as a man of brains, character, courage, and force, and speaking of his victory as "North Carolina's verdict on President Hoover and the present Republican Administration of national affairs." Less enthusiastic over Bailey personally, the High Point *Enterprise* feels that he still has before him the general election "as a hazard of unknown bounds." The Winston-Salem *Journal*, which supported Simmons, thinks Mr. Bailey can win in November "provided he convinces a majority of the people that he is not going to the Senate to join hands with Raskob and the National Association against the Eighteenth Amendment to modify or repeal our Prohibition laws." Incidentally, it may be noticed that the Democratic press, irrespective of pre-primary sympathies, call upon all Democrats to rally behind Bailey in November.

Naturally, there is intense interest in other Southern States. In Virginia—where not long ago Pollard, a Smith Democrat, overwhelmed Brown, who was supported by Bishop Cannon—Richmond and Norfolk newspapers hail the North Carolina result as further notice to the country that the traditional solidarity of the South is to be maintained. In Alabama, where Senator Heflin was thrown out of his party as a bolter, and is now running independently, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* remarks that "the Simmons upset is too colossal to be confined to a single State."

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The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* in Tennessee thinks of Simmons as "the first big leader of the 1928 mutiny to receive his punishment." "The thinking rank-and-file of Southern Democrats have resumed their reasoning faculties, and are now convinced that the welfare, the social peace, and the orderly processes of government and prosperity in their States demand their return to Democratic party regularity," is how the Atlanta *Constitution* in Georgia sums it all up.

"Ephraim continues to be joined to his idols" is the way W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* phrases the view widely held among political writers that the defeat of Senator Simmons proves that the break in the Solid South in 1928 was only temporary.

"Under ordinary political conditions it is still the Solid South," concludes the Kansas City *Star*, speaking for a host of dailies representing both parties in all sections.

"DEMOCRACY at the South is more than a political faith," reflects the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "it is a social faith, and while we have had occasion to learn that even so powerful a motive as that may have to surrender at times, it carries with it no certainty of a permanent reaction." "The Hoovercrats are not going to inherit the South," concludes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.); "the 'Hooverizing' of the South is over and done with," echoes the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.).

However, several Washington correspondents point out that the Republicans in North Carolina are likely to wage a more vigorous campaign against Bailey than they would have done against Simmons, to whom they owed a certain debt of gratitude, and so several Republican papers in the North suggest that with the possible aid of disgruntled Simmons supporters, there may be a chance for the Republican Senatorial candidate in the fall.

AN exceptional point of view is taken by the Democratic Dallas *News* when it says that while Simmons was court-martialed according to the manual of party discipline, nevertheless—"if 1932 repeats 1928 at the national convention, it may likewise repeat it at the polls, North Carolina included."

One other angle can be touched on only briefly. Several editors feel that the age of Senator Simmons had something to do with the result, that he was in part the victim of a "youth movement." As the New York *World* puts it, "the younger men and women of the State saw an opportunity to overthrow a political dynasty that had ceased to represent the energy and spirit of North Carolina." And other dailies discover a move to infuse new blood into the Senate, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* saying: "Nine Senators whose terms expire this year are not candidates, two have survived the primary test, three have lost, indications are that a number of others whose terms end this year will not win." Furthermore:

"Probably the country will find it helpful to have a goodly number of changes in the Senate. That body has not been close to the public for years. It has moved still farther away during the past year . . .

"New blood is needed in that body; more men fresh from contact with the people at home will improve the membership, may help make it more serviceable to the nation."

Underwood

Eugene G. Grace, at Play

For working, he is said to receive more than $1,000,000 a year.

That Million-a-Year Salary

IS ANY MAN WORTH A SALARY of $1,000,000 a year? Editors and business leaders hold forth entertainingly on this question for the benefit of the comfortable majority of us to whom a million a year is like a holiday excursion to the moon.

Why all the discussion? Does any man actually receive a salary so enormous? Yes, we are assured. And not only one, but perhaps a dozen of our business leaders. As for what stirred up all this talk—

"Charges by the Eaton minority faction in the Youngstown-Bethlehem merger fight, that several Bethlehem executives are receiving salaries of $1,000,000 a year or more, bring this question forcibly to public attention," writes John F. Sinclair in the New York *World*.

The protesting stockholders have declared, we read, that the salary of Eugene G. Grace, thin, wiry President of the Bethlehem Steel Company, who treats golf as a scientific problem, "is in excess of a million a year."

Hence the discussion as to whether any individual can actually be worth that much money to any corporation, however gigantic.

"THERE are probably a dozen men in America in the million-dollar class—that is, drawing a million or more annually for their executive work in corporations," Mr. Sinclair tells us. "It has always been a moot question as to just how much these men are worth. Some are paid a liberal salary with no bonus; others a fair salary and a fair bonus; and still others a small salary and a substantial bonus. This last form seems to be at the present time more popular than either of the others."

Mr. Sinclair finds that some business leaders in certain cases favor the $1,000,000 salary, while others contend that no man is worth it. Says Ralph Gwynn, of the Penney-Gwynn Corporation:

"The $1,000,000 salary—a holdover from the days of individual promotion—seems to be out of date.

"Officers of great aggregations of capital in industry to-day are trustees, rather. They are in the nature of public servants, for the public is interested vitally in big industry, both as investors and patrons. Hence, in my opinion, such a salary, in these days, under such a conception, is unthinkable.

"No man in our institution gets one-fourth, or one-fifth, or even one-tenth as much."

BUT Edward A. Filene, Boston financier, believes that some American executives are really worth a $1,000,000 salary—

"I would, for instance, pay Owen Young a million, and feel sure I would get more than a million profit as my share of his work. I would pay Henry Ford a million to run Ford Motors.

"When the salaries paid to great singers and movie stars, and the big fees drawn down by great lawyers and physicians are borne in mind," comments the Boston *Post*, "the possibility of a million for a business genius does not seem so startling."

For most of us, however, as the Cincinnati *Enquirer* points out, this matter of a million a year "is and will remain most emphatically an academic question."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE love of money is also the root of all industry.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

IN the pedestrian's heaven the streets have only one side.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

A LARGE golf-ball isn't the answer to our game. What we need is larger cups.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MR. HOOVER has one fine quality as an engineer. He doesn't waste any steam on the whistle.—*Brooklyn Times.*

THE only fault in Sherman's definition of war is that it left no adequate term to define the aftermath.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

BESIDES, if nocturnal baseball becomes popularized, the office-boy's grandmother will live longer.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

THOSE new cables which transmit 2,500 words a minute will just about accommodate Floyd Gibbons.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

"EVERY thirty seconds a person is accidentally injured in the American home." He must certainly have a large doctor's bill.—*Louisville Times.*

HAVING tried everything else without success, it's a wonder to us the Democratic party doesn't make a bid for parity.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE Lakes of Killarney are in the market, but confidence is felt that the Free State Government will not allow them to leave the country.—*Punch.*

SPEAKING of light-year as a handy term for cosmic distances, tariff-year might be useful for expressing long lapses of time.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

A RESIDENCE fire in a suburb of New York destroyed 643 manuscripts submitted in a national poetry contest. It was perfectly natural that the family would feel like saving everything of value first.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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"Now I suppose I have to go out and tell that bunch of sap-heads that they are the future hope of civilization."

—Wortman in the New York "World."

BATHING-SUIT manufacturers should be able to operate their plants for the next three years on the cloth they left out of this year's models.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

A MAN over in Denmark says that what Adam ate was a pine cone, not an apple. Perhaps so; we have seen people eat artichokes.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

THE Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, has made the first formal protest against the official population statistics of his city. He just can't believe his census.—*Wichita Beacon.*

ROY ANDREWS is organizing an expedition to Mongolia, where he hopes to discover the birthplace of man. A petrified apple core would prove the case.—*Clermont (Fla.) Press.*

A POLITICIAN has described Mussolini as the greatest man in the world. In fairness to the Duce, however, it should be pointed out that he thought of it first.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE head-lines relate an unsuccessful attempt to kidnap an eighteen-year-old girl in her own home. You'd think any sensible kidnaper would know better than to look for her there.—*Boston Herald.*

A COMPLAINT has been made that the plots of certain London plays are revealed before the night of production. On the other hand the plots of some plays are not revealed even after they have been running for weeks.—*Punch.*

SOMETIMES when a man is in the public eye he's just a cinder.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE way to make Bishop Cannon talk is to call him for twenty points more margin.—*New York Sun.*

THE girl who used to marry a man for better or worse now marries him for more or less.—*Florida Times-Union.*

"THE ideal cook knows her place," says a mistress. The difficulty is to persuade her to stay in it.—*The Humorist.*

THE buyer of liquor may not be a legal criminal, but no doubt he feels like one the morning after.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

A MAGISTRATE remarked last week that marriage means the end of a man's troubles. He didn't say which end.—*The Humorist.*

THE most effective spray for eradicating Chicago parasites is spread through the muzzle of a machine-gun.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

LAW enforcement will receive a great boost when crime in Chicago becomes as dangerous as selling books in Boston.—*San Diego Union.*

AFFLUENCE is the condition that impels a man who left the country to live in the city to leave the city to live in the country.—*Louisville Times.*

A CRITIC complains that a new war book is published at a prohibitive price. Most authors of recent war books are not so considerate.—*Punch.*

GOING up in New York's proposed 105-story building will be fun. It will be the only place where you can ride that far without a detour.—*Pottsville Journal.*

"NAME five of the advantages of owning your own home," entreats THE LITERARY DIGEST. One of them, and usually the other four, is that you'll have something to mortgage when you want to buy a car.—*Weston Leader.*

WHAT's the use? If you drive recklessly you will dent the front of your car; if you drive carefully somebody will dent the back of it.—*Louisville Times.*

MORE than one professional boxer writes poetry, we are told. Editors will soon be insisting that all poems must be sent through the post.—*The Humorist.*

IF he ever becomes a Presidential candidate, Mr. Morrow can run as a wet in the wet States and as Lindbergh's father-in-law in the dry ones.—*Superior Telegram.*

THE Southern Methodists elected four new Bishops. It is to be presumed that they were given the most dependable manuals on investments.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST found the majority of the educators dry, thereby confirming one of the most deep-seated convictions of the average college student.—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

THE Baltimore colored brother who chewed on what he thought to be a bonbon until he suddenly found it to be a torpedo, will be apt next time to dynamite more circumspectly.—*Weston Leader.*

ACCORDING to a cinema proprietor, warm weather makes people disinclined to go to the talkies. Another thing that makes people disinclined to go to the talkies is going to certain talkies.—*The Humorist.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Church and State Clash in Malta

BY DECLARING IT WOULD BE A MORTAL SIN to vote for Lord Strickland's party, it is claimed, the Archbishop of Malta brought the troubled question of Church and State to a grievous climax.

For that reason the general election, we learn from Malta Reuter dispatches, has been postponed by a government ordinance "until the danger of disorder is past."

The excitement was so intense, we read further in the London press, that Lord Strickland, Prime Minister of Malta, was saved from assassination only by the timely intervention of a police sergeant.

Three revolver shots were fired at him from pointblank range, by a man believed to be mentally unbalanced.

For the past eighteen months, it is noted in the press, Lord Strickland has been the central figure in the bitter dispute between the Roman Catholic Church and the State.

The situation in Malta, remarks the Manchester *Guardian*, lives up to the island's extraordinary record of paradox. While on the surface it seems to be a religious dispute, its roots run out into the racial and national rivalries that embitter southern Europe.

A population speaking a language descended from the ancient Carthaginian, it is pointed out, is claimed by Rome as an Italian "irredenta," or "unredeemed" territory. A port, it is further observed, whose chief importance is as the headquarters of the British Mediterranean fleet, enjoys "quasi Dominion status," a privilege denied to many bigger territories. *The Guardian* continues:

"Not only does the island enjoy responsible government, but it has a Constitution of the most modern type, in virtue of which the University, the Chamber of Commerce, the Church, and the trade unions are directly represented.

"Its Prime Minister is a Conservative member of the English House of Lords, who until recently sat as member for Lancaster in the House of Commons.

"But tho he is a Conservative in politics, he leads a Coalition Government in which the Labor party takes part, while he has now been appointed a trades-union representative in the Maltese Senate.

"At the moment, altho he is a loyal Catholic, he is being more fiercely assailed by the clergy than if he were a Protestant.

"What is the meaning of this curious position? The trouble in its acute form goes back to last March, when a Maltese friar was condemned by his superiors to go to Sicily.

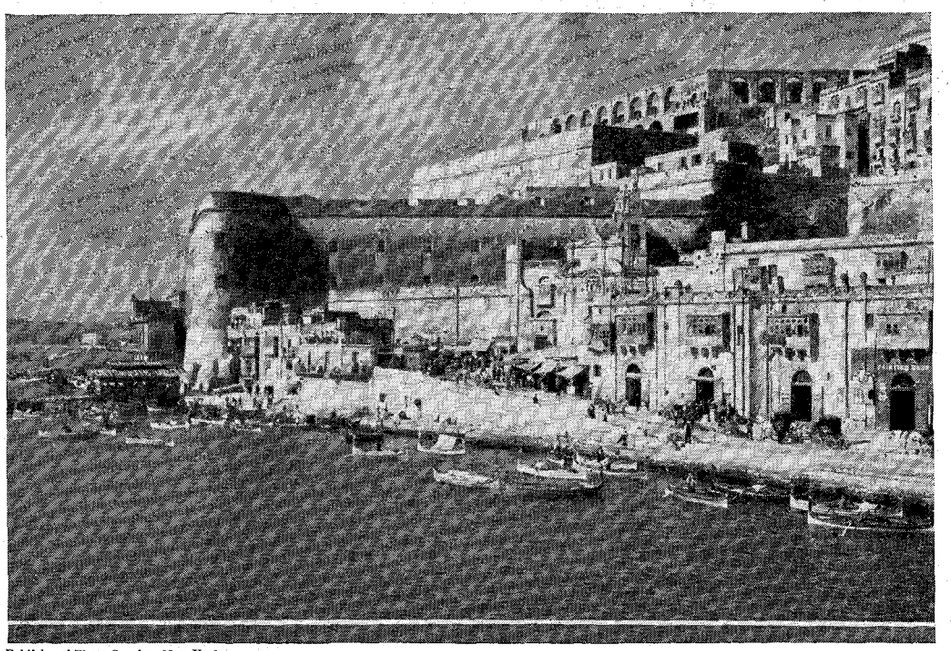
"Lord Strickland rightly refused to allow the Church authorities to order a British subject to leave the realm against his will. That dispute was about the right of the Church to inflict a temporal penalty for an ecclesiastical offense; the present trouble is over the Church's right to inflict a spiritual penalty for a purely civil act—voting in an election.

"But the bitterness of the quarrel is due to the Italian question.

"The small enthusiastically Italian minority have the support of the all-powerful religious orders, which, unlike the ordinary clergy, are dependent on foreign Italian control.

"Unless the orders are transferred to independent Catholic control, politics and religion will continue to harm each other as in the present controversy."

THIS Maltese feud between Church and State, says the London *Daily News*, is not between Catholic and Protestant. Lord Strickland, it reminds us, is himself a Catholic, descended on the father's side—his mother was a Maltese—from Catholic ancestors, who were true to their faith through centuries of persecution.



Publishers' Photo Service, New York

Where Politics and Religion Are Embroiled

A defense of the position of the ecclesiastical authorities in Malta is found in the Joint Memorandum from the Bishops of Malta and Gozo to the Governor of the island concerning a memorandum issued by his Ministers. As summarized by the Malta correspondent of the London *Times*, the Bishops' Memorandum argues as follows:

"The bishops claim that two points of fact seem to have been gratuitously implied and labored throughout the Ministers' Memorandum: first, that their Pastoral Letter had imperiled public safety; second, that it enjoined people to vote for the Nationalists.

"The first assertion is described as inaccurate and misleading. The bishops deny the second.

"They forbade the casting of votes for Lord Strickland, his party, and his supporters, but never hinted for which party the faithful should vote.

"Any unbiased mind could, without special effort, imagine the possibility of independent candidates coming forward, or even the formation of a new panel of candidates on the Constitutional or Labor program.

"As to their ban on leading Constitutional newspapers, the bishops explain that their motives were purely inspired by the duty they owed to their flocks against public utterances harmful to religious interests.

"As to the ministers' description of the Pastoral Letter as an attempt against the very foundations of constitutional government, the bishops urge that since the civil tribunals in the interests of the social welfare of the people can deprive candidates of civil rights for misdemeanor, in the same way there is no trespass on electoral liberties when the ecclesiastical authorities in the interests of religious welfare point out when candidates do

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not offer sufficient guaranties to safeguard the religious traditions of an eminently Catholic population.

"The bishops' authority in religious matters is, they claim, all the more unquestionable, seeing that Maltese law enacts that the Catholic religion is the recognized religion in Malta.

"From both natural and ecclesiastical law, no Catholic is free to support candidates, directly or indirectly responsible for a policy hurtful to religion or sacred traditions.

"On the findings of the Apostolic Visitor, Monsignor Robinson, Titular Archbishop of Tyana, it was the bounden duty of the bishops to enlighten their flocks as to who was responsible for a deplorable situation. No good Catholic should find it difficult to discharge his duties to his ecclesiastical superiors, his country, and his King.

"In their concluding paragraph the bishops seek to lay on the Governor the responsibility for giving his unqualified support to his Ministers, whose action in suspending the General Election, while at the same time remaining in power and tendering their advice, is, in their opinion, a flagrant violation of the Constitution, which even Governors are bound to respect and obey."

As to Italy's interest in Malta, the Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* advises us that Italian editors are remarkably discreet in their comments as compared with their tone of a year ago. The argument they maintain, it seems, is that Italy has no thought of trying to create a political "Maltese problem" by putting forward any claim that would be contrary to the present situation of the Island as a self-governing British colony. Italy, Italian spokesmen insist, does not dream of eventual annexation of the island, and has no irredentist aims. Italy considers herself, however, to be in a special position with regard to the question of Italian language and culture, and this Rome correspondent proceeds:

"The conception of 'Maltese nationality' arouses the ire of Italian writers, who say that it is an invention of Lord Strickland, and a step toward the denationalization of Malta and toward forcing the islanders into an artificial British system of life, which is not in accordance with their natural proclivities.

"Indeed the *Piccolo* this morning hints darkly that this would result, *inter alia*, in the islanders being obliged to eat five meals a day.

"It is further contended not only that the Italian language has a special historical and administrative standing in Malta, which is, of course, true, but also that the Maltese language is an Italian dialect.

"I have before me, as I write, a copy of the Maltese newspaper *Il Berka* (Lightning), a moment's glance at which is sufficient to dispel any hope that a knowledge of Italian would offer the slightest assistance in understanding it.

"It is difficult to fathom why this statement is so continually made. It would be no less ridiculous to argue that Maltese is a dialect of English.

"The fact is that it is an independent language of an obscure and probably Semitic origin, which being somewhat defective as a vehicle of modern thought, borrows from both Italian and English where its own vocabulary fails."

A distinguished Maltese authority, Senator Prof. Sir Augustus Bartolo, Minister of Education in Malta and the deputy leader of the Constitutional party there, declared to a representative of the London *Morning Post* that—

"The issue is far more important than appears on the surface. The misunderstanding between Church and State was the occasion rather than the cause of the present state of affairs.

"The Nationalists, representing a small clique, have hitherto dominated the life of the island to the exclusion and detriment of the bulk of the population. They have a veneer of Italian culture.

"The Constitutional party, aided by Labor, are out to uphold Maltese nationality with all its essential characteristics and to develop it on lines of British culture tending to a closer union with the mother country.

"The issue will decide whether Malta will be an appendage of Italy or a self-governing unit of the British Commonwealth.

"It will not be easy to eliminate factors which under the guise of religion are really waging an underhand war against all that is truly Maltese and British."

International News photograph

The Last Spike

Of the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad.

The Great Soviet Railroad Feat

DEADLY SNAKES, tarantulas, and scorpions were only a few of the terrors amid which the workers on Soviet Russia's Turksib railway toiled in desert spaces.

They were menaced also by the *karakurt*, a little spider familiarly known as "black death."

Again Siberian tigers were so numerous along the right of way that the Government paid a bounty for every tiger killed.

But on the brighter side of the record we find that fifty million rubles a year, or $25,000,000, is the estimated return that the Turksib or Turkestan-Siberian railroad will bring the Soviet Union.

Naturally Soviet editors are exultant. They speak of the completion of this railway as the greatest achievement of the much-heralded Five Year Plan of industrial progress, and as "the greatest feat of Socialist creative work in the Soviet Union."

How this effort in railroad construction was received by the world at large has already been noted in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Now we come to the comment of the Soviet press.

The main purpose of the railroad, we read in the Moscow *Isviestia*, an official organ of the Soviet Government, is to "provide Soviet Central Asia with cheap grain and foodstuffs in general from Siberia, instead of importing it from the distant Ukraine or the Caucasus."

THE author of the article in *Isviestia*, T. Ryskulov, a Soviet economist, claims that the Soviet Union will be able to save millions of rubles in transportation by this new road, and also that it will permit Central Asia to expand its cotton industry, and thus save money by restricting cotton imports. He goes on to say:

"Moreover, regions bordering on the Turksib, undeveloped as they are at the present time, promise a great deal in the field of metallurgical industry and fuel. Here are the wealthiest Central Asian resources of mineral ores.

"Here, too, are deposits of coal, roughly estimated at ten billion tons. What makes the industrial prospects especially bright is that these coal deposits are situated near the mineral deposits."

Finally, this writer advises us that the Turksib railroad will

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give to the Soviet Government a very important political-economic advantage:

"About 600 miles of the Turksib line lie within a very short distance of Western China. This fact naturally will strengthen trade relations between that country and the Soviet Union. Commerce between them will grow. Western China and Western Mongolia have great amounts of raw materials to export, and the Turksib railroad will benefit by it."

SOVIET newspapers also call attention to the fact that the Turksib railway starts from the Aris station on the old Orenburg-Tashkent railway. It crosses all Turkestan along the Chinese frontier, via Alma-Sta and Semipalatinsk, we are told, and goes on to Novosibirsk on the great Siberian railroad.

All in all, its length is 1,500 miles, but the section of it built by the Soviet Government is about 900 miles. The other part of the railroad was already built.

A vivid picture of the difficulties that confronted the railroad workers is presented by M. Charny in the Moscow *Isviestia*. He says:

"The sand of the desert shifted away from rails already laid on ties and screwed to them. And their rails would hang so helplessly that the whole track could be overthrown by a clumsy push given by a camel. Comrade Voicht, one of the builders of the Turksib, remembers cases when the storms thus shifting the sands destroyed in this fashion entire miles of railroad, frustrating the labors of thousands of men. . . . Men suffered from lack of water; and the heat was such that their skin continually peeled in the summer, and their lips cracked, and could not be cured.

"Moreover, the desert greeted the builders with poisonous snakes, tarantulas, scorpions—with all these inhabitants the desert is peopled as densely as a good apartment-house in Moscow.

"Especially rich in them is the Jelanda Valley, Jelanda meaning, in the Kazak dialect, the 'Valley of the Snakes.' Arriving here, the workmen had to carry on a regular campaign against snakes. They killed the reptiles by the hundreds; but many of the workers died from snake-bite.

"Still worse, the valley harbors the so-called *karakurt*, a little black spider whom Kazaks call 'black death.' One of the girls working on the railroad was bitten by such a spider, and died.

"To all these plagues one other must be added—the tigers. The authorities paid a bounty for each tiger killed."

Mexico's "Thieves Market" Passes

THE so-called "Thieves Market" of Mexico, we are told, got its name because a person whose watch was stolen one day could sometimes buy it back there the next day. It is now being dismantled, we learn from a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*. Also, we are advised, the walls of Belem Prison are to be demolished. The "Thieves Market" dates back to 1792, and we read further:

"It has been for many years a favorite shopping-place for foreign tourists, principally antique hunters, who succeeded with varying degrees of success in purchasing what they wanted.

"The wares of 'Thieves Market' consisted of a disorderly miscellany of articles, ranging in value from exactly nothing to thousands of pesos.

"The market was similar in some respects to the miscellaneous bazaars of the Near and Far East. The market will be moved, but the glamour that was attached to it at its old site, in the very heart of Mexico City, will be gone.

"Many of the persons who sold merchandise to 'Thieves Market' later 'did time' at the Belem Prison.

"The walls of the Belem were erected as far back as 1684 by Father Domingo Perez de Barcia, native of Billamarzo, Asturia, first a soldier, later a priest, and finally a madman.

"Originally, the 'Belem de la Mochas' was a refuge for women, or those who sought peace and safety from vengeful, spurned lovers or from the cruelty of inhuman husbands."

Düsseldorf's Mass-Murderer

NO SOONER HAD PETER KÜRTEN been placed behind the bars at Düsseldorf, charged with the series of sensational murders agitating all Europe for months past, than the German press broke forth into criticism of the "literary school" of detective work.

The *Koelnische Zeitung* suspects that the literary school of detective trailing is responsible for the weight of evidence against a simple-minded, harmless idiot whom the great experts thought guilty. They locked him up—the wrong man!

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Düsseldorf's Man of Many Murders

And in the end, sneers the Berlin *Volks Zeitung*, the mystery was cleared up by the merest accident! A girl misdirected a letter to a friend of hers. The local Düsseldorf police—not the "great detectives" from Berlin nor the writers of "murder mysteries" from Paris and London—unostentatiously ran down the clue.

But have the police actually got the man responsible for the eighteen murders perpetrated at Düsseldorf, or near it, since February of last year? The question is raised by the *Vorwaerts* itself.

THE police insist that the evidence against their prisoner is overwhelming, apart from his own confession, altho doubts are cherished in some dailies. Even the *Koelnische Zeitung* is not quite convinced that the accused perpetrated all the crimes.

In one case, it points out, two victims were done away with and in another case three. Nine of the victims were slain instantly, one, a grown man, four, stalwart women, while four were the merest girls, ranging in age from five to fourteen years.

In six instances the slain were done to death with knives, and in one instance the victim was strangled. Four women were severely wounded besides those killed outright. Only slightly wounded were still four other women.

To make matters more mystifying, notes the *Koelnische Zeitung* of Berlin, there never was a murderer who took such pains as did Kürten to provide the detectives with clues. When he found the "literary detectives" quite off his scent with their "trails" leading to harmless idiots, he wrote letters to the local papers, supplying details about himself which seem in the light of what has happened to be accurate enough.

Altho, says the *Koelnische Zeitung*, the prisoner at Düsseldorf had often been locked up in a local prison, altho he had even been sentenced to a penitentiary from which he tried to escape with three other inmates, he was able to wear "a mask of artless simplicity." He was always kindly, we read, always cheerful, always sweet in manner as well as of voice.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Science's New View of Evolution

THE EVOLUTION of our world and our race is not a mere chance affair. It is directed by an unseen intelligence, and "is directed toward some definite end."

That is the latest scientific view.

Professor Compton and Professor Heisenberg of Leipzig are jointly responsible for this important conception. The former is a Nobel Prize Winner, and one of the most eminent living physicists. Says the New York *Times*, reporting an interview secured by its Chicago representative:

"Professor Compton says that he has 'stumbled on a result, which is only the starting-point for new work.' He does not know where it will lead. It may be a torch in the forest of mystery that surrounds the primal forces of the universe. He will not talk about that now.

"This question was put to Professor Compton:

"'What has science, particularly the new physics, to say about the old problems of free-will, immortality, and God?'

"Replying that it had some astonishing things to say, he mentioned first a new 'principle of uncertainty,' which Professor Heisenberg of the University of Leipzig has announced. It is based on Professor Compton's discoveries in light particles.

"The Heisenberg-Compton theory, he explained, disputed the uniformity of the physical world, which is the basis for the mechanistic view of man's consciousness, and construed an effective intelligence behind the phenomena of nature."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A "Directive Intelligence"

Is now evident to science back of everything, says Prof. Arthur Compton, the Nobel prize man.

THE new physics, Professor Compton continued, admitted the possibility of mind acting on matter, and suggested that the thoughts of men were perhaps the most important things in the world:

"This conception, he said, threw new light on the evolutionary process and gave meaning to human life. In his view the world and mankind were not developing at random out of atomic chaos. On the contrary, he believed that he had found evidence strongly suggestive of a 'directive intelligence,' or purpose, back of everything, with the creation of intelligent minds as its reasonable goal.

"Professor Compton has no conclusions based on science for the question of immortality. Science did not supply a definite answer, he asserted, but it did say that 'biologically speaking, life, whether it be an apple-seed or the germ cell of man, is essentially continuous and eternal.'"

On the relation between body and mind, he said:

"In some reflex actions and habitual acts we may behave as automata, but where deliberation occurs, we feel that we choose our own course.

"In fact, a certain freedom of choice may, it seems to me, be considered as an experimental fact with which we must reconcile our theories.

"If freedom of choice is admitted, it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not the result of molecular reactions obeying fixt physical laws. For if they were, his thoughts would be fixt by the physical conditions, and his choice would be made for him. Thus, if there is freedom, there must be at least some thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding cerebral process.

"On such a view it is no longer impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed. An examination of the evidence seems to support the view that there is no very close correspondence between brain activity and consciousness. It seems that our thinking is partially divorced from our brain, a conclusion which suggests, tho of course does not prove, the possibility of consciousness after death."

THE old-fashioned evolutionary attitude, according to Professor Compton, was that the world as we know it developed as a result of chance, variations of all kinds occurring, some of which would be more suited to the conditions than others, and therefore surviving. More recent thought, he says, has found this view-point increasingly difficult to defend. He goes on:

"To the physicist it has become clear that the chances are infinitesimal that a universe filled with atoms having random properties would develop into a world with the infinite variety that we find about us.

"This strongly suggests that the evolutionary process is not a chance one, but is directed toward some definite end. If we suggest that evolution is directed, we imply that there is an intelligence directing it. It thus becomes reasonable to suppose that intelligent minds may be the end toward which such an intelligent evolution is proceeding.

"A survey of the physical universe indicates that mankind is very possibly nature's best achievement in this direction. Tho astronomers tell us that there are millions of millions of stars in the sky, a planet is a very rare occurrence, and a planet on which life can exist is even more rare.

"We found strong reasons for believing that, in spite of his physical insignificance, man, as an intelligent person, may be of extraordinary importance in the cosmic scheme.

"If we were to use our own best judgment, what would we say is the most important thing about a noble man? Would we not place first the beauty of his character? It takes a whole lifetime to build the character of a noble man.

"The adventures and discipline of youth, the struggles and failures and successes, the pains and pleasures of maturity the loneliness and tranquillity of age—these make up the fire through which he must pass to bring out the pure gold of his soul.

"Having been thus far perfected, what shall nature do with him? Annihilate him? What infinite waste!"

Who Would Be a Giant?

ABNORMALLY tall persons are not usually strong for their size, according to Jean Lecoq, writing in *Le Petit Journal* (Paris). They are, on the contrary, generally weak, deformed, and diseased. He writes:

"Many persons admire giants, perhaps envy them, and imagine that they are examples of a superior humanity. A complete error; for gigantism is an anomaly, a monstrosity, as much so as dwarfism.

"It is really a disease. The work of anthropologists has shown that the giant is a man that is still a child, in whose case growth does not stop at the age when normally he ought to have ceased to grow. The giant is rarely well-proportioned; his hands and feet are almost always too large, his face is generally distorted.

"Physicians who have studied gigantism say that giants are all diabetic. Professor Landouzy says also that almost all of them are candidates for tuberculosis. They are subjects to all sorts of other morbid troubles; they tire sooner than normal persons; they are unfit for all violent labor; their muscles are weak in spite of their size, their nerves lack resistance, and they are often affected with neurasthenia. Handsome giants are rare."

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Poison in Silver Polish

SILVER POLISH IS NOT INTENDED to be eaten, but unless knives, forks and spoons are carefully washed after polishing, we may swallow some of it. When the polish contains an active poison, trouble results.

A number of cases of acute cyanid poisoning, apparently due to consuming silver polish, are reported from the United States in *The Lancet* (London). We read:

"In June, 1928, about thirty persons became acutely ill after dinner at a hotel in Utica. No evidence of food deterioration could be discovered, but on examination the powder used for cleaning silverware was found to contain over 20 per cent. of sodium cyanid. It was ascertained that similar cases had occurred at many hotels where this compound and others containing cyanid were used as a routine. Usually the utensils were dipt about once a week in a solution containing the poison, and the result was that ineffective rinsing might easily lead to poisoning of the next guest who used them. Oddly enough, none of the servants employed in cleaning silver seem to have developed symptoms. These were acute gastro-enteritis with vomiting, purging, and, later, signs of shock. In one of the cases recorded, diarrhea was violent and persistent. The shock was so severe that in more than one case the illness was critical, with pallor, sweating, dyspnœa, and thready pulse; in several cases also there was albuminuria. The managers of the hotels usually received the explanation with gratitude, and stopt the use of the dangerous preparations. Certain hotels which had received complaints of food poisoning from their guests have been able to record the disappearance of such complaints since these polishes have been abandoned. Legislation to prevent this danger has been attempted in the State of New York, where the sanitary code has been amended to forbid the use of any cyanid preparation or other poison for cleaning nickel, copper, or silverware, or other articles used in the preparation of food. The Department of Health of Newark, New Jersey, has placed a similar ban on the use of poisonous compounds for cleaning silverware, and warnings have been given through the American medical press."

Discouraging Flies with Yellow Glass

FLIES dislike colored light. They particularly detest red and yellow, and will abandon rooms glazed with yellow glass.

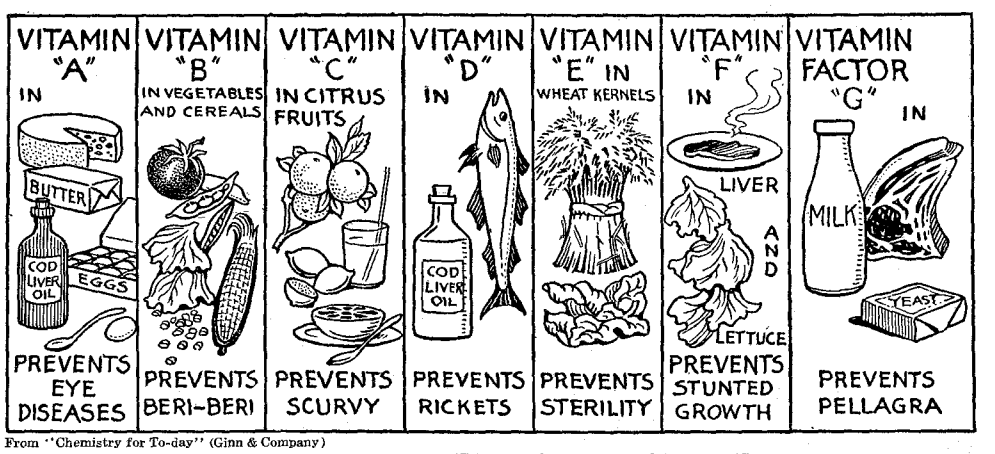
These facts are reported to *Nature* (London) by Pilkington Brothers, of the Crown Glass Works at St. Helen's, Lancashire, as follows:

"Some years ago Messrs. W. P. Hartley, jam manufacturers, Aintree, glazed their storage warehouses with yellow glass. The warehouses are connected by corridors glazed with ordinary glass. They noticed that whereas there were always plenty of flies in the corridors, these never went into the warehouses. They then glazed the corridors with yellow glass, and found that they got rid of the flies from these also. We have heard of other instances where colored glasses have been used as a deterrent for flies, and we understand that some abattoirs have been glazed with blue glass. As we were continually being asked for advice on this subject, we decided to carry out some experiments in an endeavor to ascertain whether the house-fly was susceptible to colored light, and if so, which color was the best deterrent. We carried out a series of experiments last summer under advice from Prof. R. Newstead, and found that, everything else being equal, the house-fly prefers white light to colored light, and that red and yellow are the best deterrents. Blue and green are not nearly so effective. The loss in illumination with red glass being too great for general use, it appears that yellow is the best. Altho it can not be claimed that the use of yellow glass is an absolute preventive, it is a very effective deterrent, and valuable for use in connection with the storage of food. We do not suggest the use of yellow glass for any building in which people are continually employed, because it has been found that yellow light is bad for the eyes and general health. We can not find a record of any work on this subject, and intend to continue our experiments during the coming summer. In the meantime we wonder whether any readers of *Nature* have noticed this peculiar attitude of the house-fly toward, colored light, and can offer any explanation."

How Common Things Work—XIX

Vitamins

MANY "NEW THINGS" are not new at all; they are new to us because we were ignorant of them until recently. Julius Cæsar took in oxygen every time he breathed, and Alexander the Great thrived on vitamins. We may all be eating, drinking, and breathing common things vitally necessary to us, without knowing what they are and how they work. This was the case with the vitamins—very common substances—until a few years ago. What they are and what they do is described in McPherson, Henderson and Fowler's "Chemistry for To-day" (Ginn and Company), as follows:



From "Chemistry for To-day" (Ginn & Company)

Seven Vitamins: What They Are and What They Do

"The term vitamin is applied to a number of substances occurring in many of our foods in variable amounts, but always in very small percentages. They have not been isolated in a perfectly pure condition, so that little is known concerning their constitution; they do not appear to belong to any single class of substances. All the vitamins are more or less unstable at the temperature of boiling water, especially where air or oxygen is present.

"At least seven kinds of vitamins are known to exist, and a proper distribution of these bodies in our food is essential to a nourishing diet. The name and function of each, together with some foods rich in vitamins, are as follows:

"1. *Vitamin A.*—Promotes growth, keeps the body in good condition, and thus prevents disease in general. Present especially in milk, butter, eggs, and green-leaf vegetables.

"2. *Vitamin B.*—This vitamin has recently been divided into two constituents, known as F and G, tho a mixture of the two is still called B. Present in fresh vegetables, yeast, and cereals.

"3. *Vitamin C.*—Prevents scurvy. Present in the juices of the tomato, the orange, and the lemon.

"4. *Vitamin D.*—Prevents the disease known as rickets. Present in cod-liver oil and in some green vegetables.

"5. *Vitamin E.*—Necessary for reproduction and growth of young animals. Present in wheat germs and in lettuce.

"6. *Vitamin F.*—The absence of this leads to loss of appetite, nervousness, spasms, and paralysis.

"7. *Vitamin G.*—Prevents the disease known as pellagra.

"All of the above are present to a certain extent in milk and in green vegetables, especially in lettuce and spinach. Just how these vitamins act to promote growth and prevent disease is not known."

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The Hoppers Are Coming!

THEY threaten to wreak heavy damage to grain and forage crops in Montana and the Dakotas this year, says *The Science News-Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington).

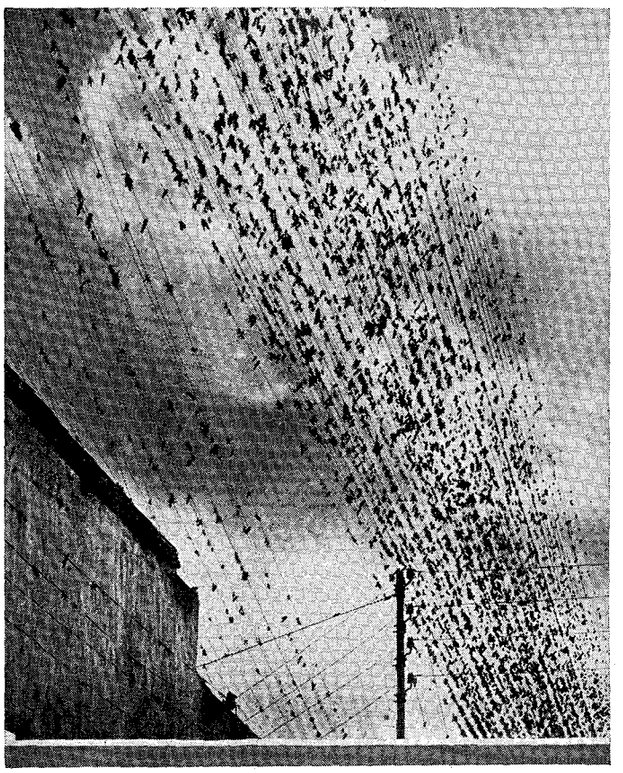
Last year there were many grasshoppers in these States, and in parts of Texas, and their eggs are now hatching in large numbers. If climatic and other conditions favor growth, the outbreak may reach serious proportions. We read:

"The U. S. Department of Agriculture is urging farmers in the threatened regions to combat the pests now with poisoned bran baits, before they grow their wings and get beyond control by taking to the air.

"The American grasshoppers that appear in great numbers, following some climatic or other cycle not yet understood, are close kin to the old-world locusts, that have already begun to play havoc in the fields and orchards of northern Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Roumania. They have always hung in threatening clouds on the western frontiers of American agriculture.

"Old-timers in Kansas can tell incredible tales of their sun-darkening flights that stript rich wheat-fields to the naked ground in minutes.

"The decreasing seriousness of their raids during the past few decades is attributed partly to the breaking up of their breeding-grounds by agriculture, and partly to the success of combat methods used against them."



P. & A. photograph

Biblical Hoppers Still Plague Africa

Locusts, one of the "plagues of Egypt," in Marakesh, Morocco.

SOME confusion and unnecessary alarm will doubtless be caused during the next few weeks, remarked the writer, by the outbreak of seventeen-year cicadas that is due to appear in an area stretching from southwestern Iowa down to the Oklahoma-Arkansas boundary. He informs us:

"These insects are commonly called locusts, tho they are not locusts at all, and really do very little permanent damage.

"The seventeen-year cicada is the longest-lived insect known, spending years as a root-sucking larva underground, and appearing punctually at the end of that time to emerge as a winged insect, lay its eggs, and die. The adult activities of the seventeen-year cicada cause leaves to wither on trees to some extent, but that is all the mischief the insect does. These pseudo 'locusts' need cause no alarm; it is only when the true locust, the long-winged grasshopper, puts in his appearance that the crops are in danger.

"Studies both in laboratory and field indicate that the eggs are not formed in the body of the female locust until spring. After they are laid in the ground the young insects inside the shells require from two to four weeks before hatching. While they are passing through their five nymphal stages, growing larger each time they shed their skins, they begin their migratory march.

"In six or eight weeks they have become full grown, winged adults, and their migrations become the vast flights that darken the sun and strip fields and orchards bare. Their adult life seems to last about ten months, completing the year's cycle.

"Locusts are decidedly insects of clear sky and hot sun.

"They avoid the ground and the stones upon it during the chilly hours of night, roosting on the vegetation, especially on shrubs. When the first signs of dawn appear they hop down to earth, and creep about in small clumps until the first direct sunlight reaches them. Then they stop and sun themselves for a time, standing broadside on, to get the full benefit of the early rays.

"As the day warms up, the horde begins its march.

"It keeps relentlessly ahead, climbing over all natural obstacles, and not diverting from its set course, even when an easier route presents itself. If the weather is very hot, the insects stop for a siesta at midday, this time turning their bodies so as to expose as little surface as possible to the sun, or taking advantage of all chance patches of shade.

"On resuming march in the afternoon they feed voraciously, cleaning everything bare where they stop for lunch. Late in the afternoon, when the temperature falls, they call a halt, again sunning themselves, seeking dark stones for warmth whenever possible. Then they climb the shrubbery for the night.

"These reactions seem to be governed by temperature rather than by light, for it has been found that when the weather is very warm they will march all night. Locusts are decidedly warm-weather creatures."

Twins for Human Tests

AN experimental school for the testing of new methods in teaching, to be attended only by half-pairs of identical twins, while the other halves of the pairs attend a standard school as "controls," was suggested by Dr. A. F. Blakeslee of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution, to the American Philosophical Society recently. Says a report in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin:*

"One of the difficulties about finding out anything about human beings by experimental methods, Dr. Blakeslee explained, is the usual lack of anything to check by. The chemist has his carefully purified chemicals, the botanist can take two slips off the same plant and use one of them as a 'control,' the zoologist can breed out irregularities in the pedigree of his stock by several generations of brother-and-sister matings. But human beings have to be taken as one finds them. The nearest approach to control material we can get in educational or other experiments involving human beings is furnished by identical twins. These are twins who result from the division of the same original cell; they are always very similar in appearance, and always of the same sex. It can be assumed, therefore, that if one child of such a pair comes to differ from the other to any noticeable extent it is probably due to some influence of environment to which one twin was subject while the other was not. Dr. Blakeslee's suggestion is that we take advantage of this fact by separating the usually inseparable twins for part or all of each school day. Then, after a time, we could judge, by any differences that might develop between them, what the inherent advantages or disadvantages of any proposed educational methods might be. At present, we can only argue about it. Dr. Blakeslee stated that a preliminary survey of the school population in New York City indicates that there is a sufficient number of identical twins to fill a special 'twin school,' if the funds can be found to operate it. He suggested that for such a double school it would be desirable to obtain pairs of teachers who are themselves identical twins, so that the 'control' method might be extended as far as possible."

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Edgar Wallace Puts Chicago "On the Spot"

EDGAR WALLACE PROVIDES most of the light reading for the English.

A reviewer in *The New Statesman* (London) admits that. He also does plays, some light; but now he is agitating London with one not so light.

He has visited Chicago, learned all about its gangsters, and is now telling London.

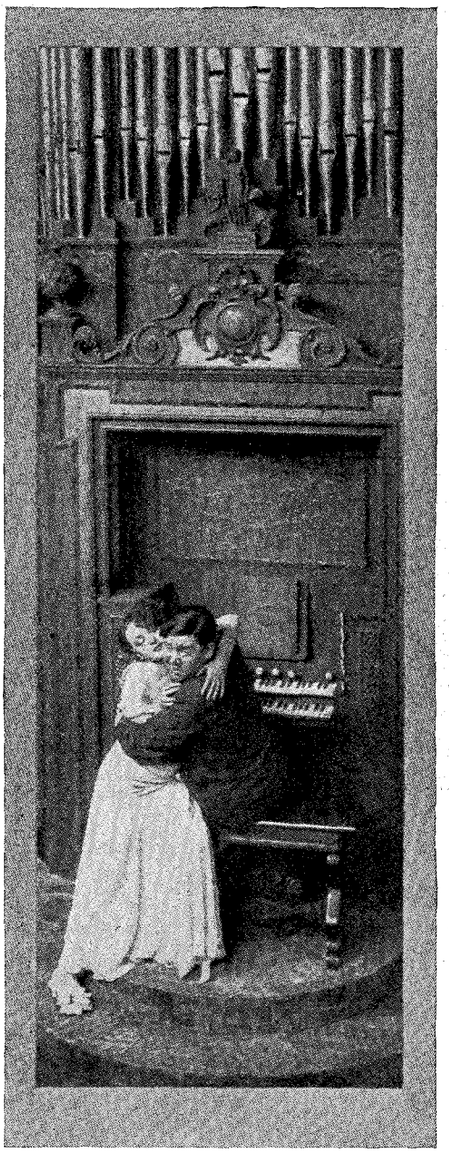
"On the Spot" is "thrilling, but decidedly grim."

"There are three murders and a suicide in it," reports Desmond MacCarthy, "and a fine tension of suspense sustains the plot. It is exciting, sensational, surprizing, and it is also a serious study of contemporary, tho fortunately distant, aspects of modern life—life in the Chicago gangland." Mr. MacCarthy thus introduces us to Mr. Wallace and his "hero":

"I recognize in Mr. Wallace a highbrow dramatist.

"His dialog is excellent, and in spite of having splendid opportunities of engaging the sympathy of his audiences for his cool, unscrupulous crooks, he shows up the paragon of audacity among them, who in the first act has fascinated half the women in the audience, as, after all, a dirty 'bit of yellow mud,' bottomless in his treachery, and squalidly infantile in his megalomania. But the 'world' he has to exhibit is so fantastic that the public greedily swallows his high-browism.

"Mr. Wallace does not gloss over the fact that his master bootlegger, who does 'not want any tr-rouble' and to placate a rival is ready to place any of his comrades 'on the spot' (this means sending them to a place where they can be conveniently shot), is also a brothel keeper and white-slave dealer on a huge scale, and in the habit of sending off his discarded mistresses, however devoted, to serve in those lust-shops—and all for money. In fact, *Tony Perelli* is not romanticized at all; and he is such an amazing figure that if we had not heard of Al Capone, he would be incredible."



Perelli Plays Puccini

With a gunman's wife, whose husband he had "removed."

WE turn now to *Truth* (London), whose dramatic critic allows himself to wander out of his restricted field and serve Chicago and, indeed, the whole of us with a bitter homily:

"It may be objected that Mr. Wallace has allowed himself plenty of dramatic license, and that 'On the Spot' exaggerates when it shows *Tony Perelli* sending man after man to his death, or former mistresses to his fashionable brothels. But General Dawes himself would be constrained to admit that Mr. Wallace has kept himself faithfully to authenticated facts.

"Take *Tony Perelli* himself.

"This loathsome figure—admirably portrayed by Charles Laughton—is a composite portrait drawn from 'Scarface' Al Capone, Big Jim Colosimo, Dion Banion, and Torrio, whose exploits are wittily described in Mr. Edward Sullivan's book, 'Look at Chicago.'

"There is more of Capone in *Perelli's* make-up than the others. He uses Capone's famous catchwords, such as 'We don't want any trouble,' but the idiosyncrasies of the others are there. I adduce these details as evidence that Mr. Wallace has not drawn on his imagination in his startling picture of the criminal underworld in Chicago and its neighborhood.

"What a world it is!

"Corrupt police, venal High Court judges, millionaire racketeers, and whole districts given over to organized vice. As a phenomenon of modern life it is almost incredible to the insular Englishman.

"Imagine such a scene as this at Hyde Park Corner. Motor-cars from Knightsbridge meet motor-cars coming from Piccadilly. They are held up by the traffic, and immediately open fire on each other with machine-guns, until the scene becomes a veritable shambles.

"That is a common incident in Chicago. And no one hangs, for juries are either too afraid or too corrupt to bring in a verdict of guilty.

"'Smith and Wesson,' said one gangster with a gift for epigrammatic speech, 'have made all men equal.' Democracy is founded, not on the franchise, but on quickness and accuracy with the revolver. And this brings us to the lesson that Chicago is teaching the world by means of scores of murders, 'taking people for a ride' and 'bumping them off.'"

IT is the contention of *Truth* that Prohibition can account for Mr. Wallace's picture of Chicago life:

"Until the coming of Prohibition, Chicago's criminals were only just a little worse than their fellows in other large American and European cities.

"They are now *facile principes*.

"They hold this position, because when Prohibition became the law of the land in America, Chicago voted wet in the proportion of six to one. There was a demand for liquor. The law forbade that the demand should be satisfied.

"So the racketeers and the bootleggers stept in and supplied it, making Chicago a land flowing with alcohol for the thirsty and millions of dollars for themselves.

"When money in fabulous amounts is to be had for the asking, there will be no lack of claimants for it, and they will fight among themselves, especially if they hail, as most of the Chicago gangsters do, from the sunny lands of the Mediterranean.

"But why, the Englishman will ask, do the respectable citizens not bestir themselves and wipe out the disturbers of their city?

"The answer is simple.

"There have been so many scandals among highly placed officials in America of recent years that Mr. Babbitt finds the gangster by comparison a sportsman. He pretends to be nothing more than a crook, and he takes his life in his hands.

"Moreover, unless you try to 'muscle in' on him, he will not interfere with you, unless, of course, he happens to need a little loose change, in which event he will enter your shop and sweep

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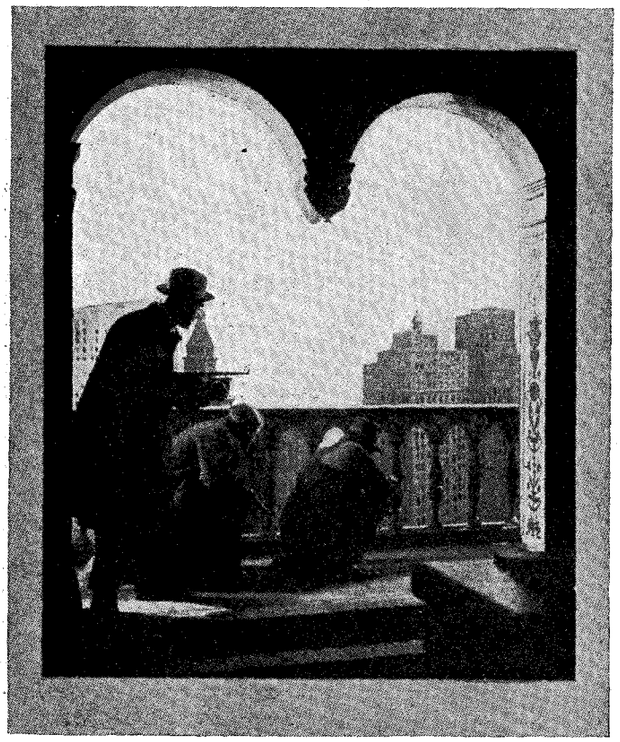
the contents of the till into his pockets, what time he nudges your ribs with a revolver just to keep you 'sweet.'"

Mr. MacCarthy's final reaction is:

"Golly, what a world!

"What impresses one about it is not the graft, its utter contempt for law, or the bloodshed, but the almost childlike cynicism and the good-natured ruthlessness of it, the business-like air of its atrocities, the innocently casual brutality of its love affairs, the heartiness which covers depths of treachery, and the extraordinary amoral light-mindedness—moral idiocy,



Gun Racket

In Edgar Wallace's play dealing with Chicago gunmen.

really—and love of excitement which infects even the relations of the Detective Commission himself with the gangsters. Everything, however horrible, is only part of a boy's game. 'On the Spot' is certainly a remarkable study of a real enough state of things."

The Cover

FARM lovers will find a sympathetic subject in Mr. G. Glenn Newell's "Under Summer Skies."

The artist is so much a lover of fine cattle that he once had a film made of scenes at his summer home, which was named "The Man Who Breeds Cattle to Paint Them."

The following sketch of him appeared in the Utica *Daily Press:*

"Mr. Newell was born in Berrian County, Michigan, in 1870. As a painter, he has always been particularly fond of cattle. He has a summer home, 'Glen Acres,' at Dover Plains, where he raises blooded stock, and paints it in all its moods. His place is said to be one of the most attractive in the foothills of the Berkshires. It is on this place or in the hills, or green pastures along the tributaries to the Housatonic River that most of his pictures have been painted.

"The artist has had many awards, and is represented in several museums. He was president of the Allied Artists of America for seven years, chairman of the Arts Committee of the National Arts Club for four years, and president of the New York Society of Painters since 1924.

"He has painted in France, England, Holland, and Belgium, and has exhibited in the Paris Salon."

The Blood-and-Thunder "Yen"

THE DIME NOVEL that cost five cents went out under the "unwarrantedly disapproving glare of the ignorantly virtuous."

That's the good mouth-filling phrase of Charles Willis Thompson to explain how the detective story has slipt in to satisfy the human "yen" for blood and thunder.

The gore-lovers have ceased to read about *Deadwood Dick,* he tells us, and are "reading about the bulldog police inspector (with headquarters local color) and the omnipresent criminologist. And, regrettably, in the fens and ditches of detective fiction, about *Lefty, Slugger, Nibsy, Whitey,* and the knights of the racket; but that garbage-can phase is passing." From highbrow to low, the craving is at its crest at the present time, says Mr. Thompson in the New York *Sun,* and he proceeds to present a grading scale of the omnipresent output:

"The upper ten come out in cloth and cost money and look respectable; but any editor of a ten-cent or twenty-cent detective magazine will tell you that his readers include the Senate, the embassies, and the rectory.

"From the upper intellectual ten come even some of the writers; one is an ex-judge and another is a cleric. Stephen Vincent Benét and Carolyn Wells are others.

"And since the cloth-bound respectables, for all the noise they make, are in a pitiable minority, the scientific student will pass Mr. Van Dine and his colleagues and focus on the creations that pour out weekly, and are snatched by the schoolboy and the bishop.

"The demand can't be supplied; new ones are being started while you read this; the voracity remains unsatisfied even tho—and this is true—multitudes of fans buy weekly all the magazines.

"There is an upper ten and a lower ten among the magazines, too; don't, prithee, imagine that they are all cut off the same loaf.

"There is a depth lower than the lower ten, a submerged tenth, and some have been barred from the mails. There was a rage for gangster and racketeer stories, and even the best of the detective magazines compounded with their consciences and yielded some of their space to the demand, tho they have recovered their poise.

"There was, however, a blossoming of so-called 'detective' magazines which centered around the hophead degenerates who are to-day's decadent heirs of *Dick Turpin* and *Robin Hood.* The harm they did was with the youngster readers, too easily gang-led anyway; for even tho the gangster and gunman ended in 'the big house,' it was his exploits before the finish that fascinated the boyish imagination.

"The upper class of them cater to mixed but higher taste. The style and range differ as widely as in the higher reaches of literature.

"There is a mighty gulf between such artists in construction as, say, Madeline Sharps Buchanan and Christopher B. Booth and the fiction-writing blacksmiths who satisfy the cruder taste; but these magazines are like the movies, and their box-offices sell to highbrows and low.

"The aim of the artists is to write convincingly and keep the reader both guessing and believing; they are the heirs of M. E. Braddon. Mrs. Buchanan is supreme; I defy a doctor of divinity to stop reading after he has glanced at her first paragraph or two."

THE passion for the detective story is not new, because human nature doesn't change, except at long intervals:

"Over forty years ago the boys used to read *The New York Detective Library, The Old Sleuth Library, The Old Cap Collier Library,* and heaven knows how many more, all weekly publications. But they were not of the analytical kind of which Sherlock Holmes made a fashion and a convention, in which the varlet who did the deed is unsuspected until the last page.

"In them the identity of the criminal was made known from the first, and the excitement centered in the detective's adventures in trying to run him down—and always succeeding. Nowadays the detective story, then with an undeservedly bad reputation, has achieved cloth-bound respectability and keeps a gig; and while the snappier ten-centers generally stick to the

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Sherlock formula, they reach out for variety and for multiplicity of color."

Brown, the "Drama's Best Picker"

WHO'S THE BEST GUIDE to the plays? *Variety* (New York) has just given the palm to John Mason Brown, who has completed his first season as first-night critic, serving the New York *Evening Post*.

This is the seventh annual rating by *Variety*, in the course of which Gilbert Gabriel of the New York *Sun* won twice, the others being Craig of *The Mail*, Pollock of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Atkinson of *The Times*, and Littell of *The Evening Post*.

The award is based on the critic's skill in picking box-office successes; percentages being based on right and wrong opinions, and "no opinion exprest."

Of Mr. Brown and his confrères, *Variety* writes:

"John Mason Brown of the New York *Evening Post* gets the honorary degree as the Drama's Best Picker, annually awarded by *Variety*. He brings his paper its second successive head-liner. Robert Littell appropriated the wreath of laurel for *The Post* last June.

"Brown is new to first-nighting. From the start he displayed a canny knack for assorting the likely from the others. He is a plain speaker, without editorial fetters, and writes a clear-cut review. He is the only dramatic reviewer entirely free of 'no opinion' in the box scores.

"By a very pronounced improvement in form, Robert Garland of *The Telegram* elevated himself to second place in the score with a very dapper .852, contrasting to his .666 finale last June.

"Gilbert Gabriel (*American*), winner of the 1925-26 and 1926-27 box score, got back in the high octaves after a two-year depression. He concludes with an unapologetic .816.

"Arthur Ruhl, fifth, is included for *The Herald Tribune*, altho the *Trib's* veteran, Percy Hammond, started and ended the season, spending the interim on a globe-trotting trip.

"In general, the percentages are much higher than usual. After seven years the box-score finish sees all the reviewers above .700 for the first time. It means that Seldes (*Graphic*) and Lockridge (*Sun*), altho on the tail-end, have fairly good percentages, as compared to the scores of previous seasons.

"Present score is based upon 176 shows opening since last August 5. As usual revivals, of which this season in its earlier stage saw a great number, are not listed."

COUNTING in the road closings, the ratio of hits is reported to be about one in every five trys. Or

"Differently exprest, about one smash hit in every eleven attractions.

"*Variety* rates sixteen smashes, six of them musicals. Moderate, or intermediate, successes number twenty-five. This is a considerable falling off from last season when fifty-three shows in all were classed as full or moderate clicks. As before, *Variety* takes a minimum twelve-week run as the foot-rule for moderate success.

"Talking pictures have been accounted opposition this season. On top of which the Wall Street bust in the fall pinched the legit as one of the first dispensable luxuries. A reflection of conditions was a tendency to cut admission scales.

"Greater percentage of dark theaters throughout the season, even at the peak, than general. Shows, when flopping, didn't lose much time in getting the requiem services over. This has, however, been more or less an increasing characteristic for several seasons. Cut rates don't seem to figure as importantly in longevity as previously."

Variety is shy about its mental processes in assigning percentages.

Shaw Comes a Cropper

SHAW ONCE WROTE MUSIC AND DRAMATIC criticism.

But in his enthusiasm for Toscanini's London concert with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra he got his composers mixed. The New York *Herald Tribune* reports that he "went behind" and lectured Toscanini and his musicians on music.

"Referring to the orchestra's playing of the 'Tannhäuser' excerpt, Shaw said:

"'I once hated Wagner because I heard his "Freischütz" badly played by a brass band, but one day some one presented to me a copy of the piano score of "Lohengrin." I sat at a piano, played the first two bars, and immediately realized that Wagner was a great man.

"['Der Freischütz' was written by Weber, but often conducted by Wagner at the Dresden Opera.—Editor.]

"'Of course, coming from me this was quite natural, as I had been brought up musically, but the average person of those days did not understand Wagnerian music, which is still considered a novelty. I'll tell you why. Listen.'

"He paused. Then, as the puzzled Toscanini fidgeted, apparently inwardly debating whether to maintain his dignified mien or assume a frankly amused attitude, the blue-eyed, white-bearded Socialist hummed loudly the first few notes of Wagner's 'Lohengrin' wedding march.

"'It goes like this—la da di da—doesn't it?' Shaw asked.

"His audience of violinists and trombonists roared with laughter.

"'Well,' continued the lecturer, 'in those days one could expect it to continue like this; la da di da, instead of like that: la la ra di.'

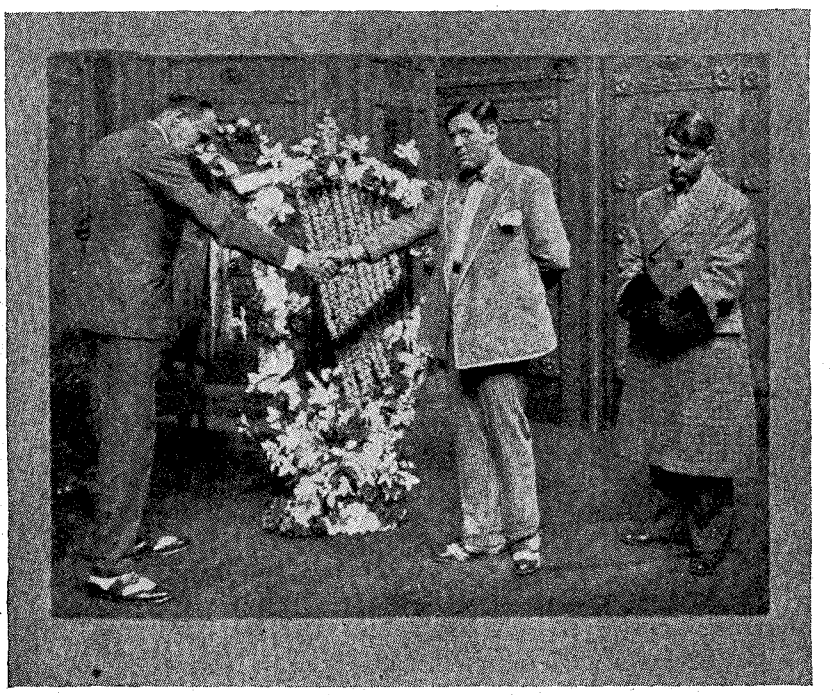
"Shaw then hummed the beginning of a popular ballad instead of the proper Wagnerian tune, thus attempting to illustrate how the sequence of Wagner's notes was considered unexpected and unusual in those days. Meanwhile Toscanini raised his eyebrows in a supreme effort to remain serious, but finally joined the laughter and nodded approvingly.

"'Che Tipo,' he said, in Shaw's direction, meaning, 'Some character, that.'

"'Well, now that I've given you my little performance, I must go home,' Shaw concluded.

"As he walked away a correspondent asked him how he liked Toscanini. His reply was:

"'An article by me on Toscanini would be worth £5,000.'"



A "Swell Wreath" After the Bullet

Thus the gangsters in Edgar Wallace's Chicago gunman play, "On the Spot," lament the necessity of sending one "for a ride."

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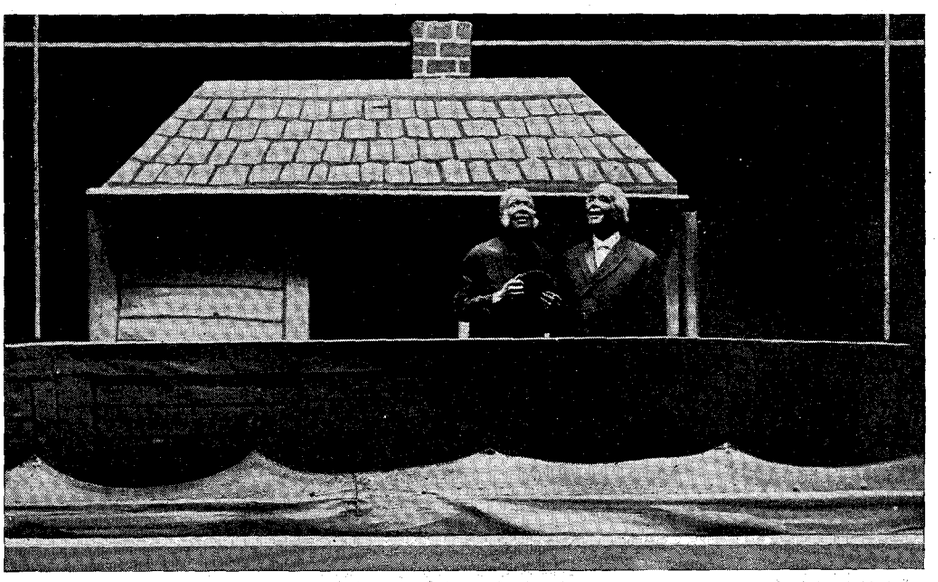
"De Lawd" on the English Stage

JEHOVAH ON THE STAGE terrifies some British reviewers into the belief that God may strike His impersonator dead, and, in any event, they are shocked at the temerity of American stagecraft.

But others in England who have also read "The Green Pastures," Marc Connelly's sensational success in New York, see nothing irreverent in the portrayal of God by an old Negro who smokes cigars and sits down to a chicken dinner with Noah and his wife. To them it is simply an untutored race's humble interpretation of the Lord, a kindly, fatherly old soul, who is not above mingling with His people, and enjoying with them a heavenly fish-fry.



"The Lord" and "Noah" Talking It Over After the Flood

That the actor — Richard B. Harrison, on the right — who impersonates God in the sensational success, "The Green Pastures"—is not struck dead, exclaims a startled British critic, "is only another of the multitudinous proofs that God is long-suffering."

The Pulitzer prize-play—reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST March 22—it is admitted by favorable British critics, will not have the appeal in England that it has here, where it has local coloring and setting. The question which the British censor will have to pass upon, should the play be offered in London, is whether it is blasphemous. He may have to reckon with some such protest as that which J. H. Barton writes to the editor of the London *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Barton is shocked into "solemn protest against the appalling and unspeakable blasphemy to which the play gives expression." Indeed, he adds:

"How any creature can dare to personate and caricature our ineffably Holy God, as Richard B. Harrison is said to do, passes all understanding.

"That the actor is not struck dead is only another of the multitudinous proofs that God is long-suffering and plenteous in goodness and mercy."

DOUBT as to the wisdom of putting the play on in London is exprest by the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, tho it thinks "the daring theme seems to have been reverently, and even beautifully, treated." But, it is pointed out, the play "is altogether out of relation to the ordinary English point of view." As a matter of fact—

"The Negro's conception of heaven has neither the interest nor the importance here that it naturally has in America. Wrenched from its setting, indeed, it would become almost meaningless. There are, too, a great many men and women who would take deep exception to the Deity being depicted on the stage. Is it worth offending those who will dislike the play for the benefit of those who, for the most part, will not comprehend it?"

BUT, after all, writes Robert Lynd in *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, "Mr. Connelly has only done in dramatic form what Negro revivalist preachers and Negro composers of hymns have been doing for generations." As Mr. Lynd sees it:

"There can be no real irreverence where there is no intention of irreverence, and the effect of the play on most of those who see it is not, I am sure, to incite them to ribaldry.

"It is, indeed, a sincere and touching piece of work, which must be still more moving to see than to read, since it is played to a fairly constant accompaniment of Negro spirituals.

"The author has made it clear that the 'God' of the play is not intended to be God, but merely to represent an uneducated Negro's conception of God. The play, he declares, 'is an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in terms of its believers.' Occasionally, it must be admitted, he mingles realism with certain 'back-chat comedian' effects, and I can not help thinking that he is attempting to teach a lesson of his own as well as to transcribe the theology of the Negro."

Mr. Lynd samples the play for his readers, first with this bit of dialog between God and Noah when they are discussing the animals that are to go into the Ark:

NOAH—'Bout snakes? Think You'd like snakes, too?
GOD—Certainly, I want snakes.
NOAH—Oh, I kin git snakes, lots of 'em. Co'se, some of em's a little dangerous. Maybe I better take a kag of likker, too?
GOD—You kin have a kag of likker.
NOAH [*musingly*]—Yes, suh, dey's a awful lot of differ'nt kin's of snakes, come to think about it. Dey's water moccasins, cotton-moufs, rattlers—mus' be a hund'ed kin's of other snakes down in de swamps. Maybe I better take two kags of likker.
GOD [*mildly*]—I think de one kag's enough.
NOAH—No. I better take two kags. Besides, I kin put one on each side of de boat, an' balance de ship wid dem as well as havin' dem fo' medicinal use.
GOD—You kin put one kag in de middle of de ship.

THE Negro's conception of the growing compassion of God, as Gabriel urges Him to destroy the race of men with His thunderbolts because of their wickedness, is brought out in this bit:

GABRIEL—Should I git mo' bolts?
GOD—Wait a minute. [*He carefully points His finger down through the window.*] I'm goin' to git dat wicked man Myself. [*From a great distance comes an agonized cry: "Oh, Lawd,"* GOD *turns from the window.*]—No use gittin' mo' thunde'bolts. Dey don' do de trick. [*He goes to the swivel chair and sits.*] It's got to be somethin' else.
GABRIEL—How would it be if You was to doom 'em all ag'in, like dat time You sent down de flood? I bet dat would make dem mind.

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GOD—You see how much good de flood did. Dere dey is, jest as bad as ever.

GABRIEL—How about cleanin' up de whole mess of 'em and sta'tin' all over ag'in wid some new kind of animal?

GOD—An' admit I'm licked?

GABRIEL [*Ashamedly.*]—No, of co'se not, Lawd.

SOME readers, then, says Mr. Lynd, may see in the play little more than a Negro revue of the Scriptures, in which angels eat fried fish, and there is a roll-top desk in God's office in heaven. "But all these absurdities are made use of for emotional ends," the reviewer argues; "and who has not been touched by conceptions almost as primitive on the lips of a street-corner evangelist at home?" It must be difficult, concludes Mr. Lynd, to sit through the play "without feelings of pity and awe."

Another entirely sympathetic reviewer is E. B. Osborn, in the London *Morning Post*. He is "not surprized that this transmutation of the simple, sincere beliefs of an exiled race, which for so long had no comfort save the hope of a free Hereafter, and is still moved by a terrific spiritual hunger, was a great success in New York, and touched the hearts of many playgoers to tears." To him "it is beautifully imagined, and humor plays over its deep tenderness like sunlight on the Mississippi. It is in a sense (especially when Noah sails in his Ark) a spiritual 'Show Boat,' and the Voice of Heaven in it is like Paul Robeson's."

Mr. Osborn concludes:

"It is a modern mystery play, which is inspired by the thoughts and emotions of a race as simple and sincere in its unquestioning faith as the men of the thirteenth century.

"The author admits his debt to Mr. Roark Bradford, whose retelling of several of the Old Testament stories in 'Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun' first stimulated his interest in the humblest Negro's interpretation of the Scriptures.

"Mr. Marc Connelly's dramatic idea is not new; it was made the basis of an appealing play, beautiful and tender and terrible, in Hauptmann's 'Hannele,' which brings before our eyes the religious beliefs of a deeply wronged dying child.

"'The Green Pastures'' literary and dramatic value is a small matter in comparison with its powerful and pathetic vindication of a living form of Christianity, more vigorous and vital than that of the ruling races. The American Negro, whose only comfort was Christ, learnt in long suffering what he now teaches in spiritual songs and stories."

Then, finally, is this tribute from a reviewer in the London *Times:*

"The whole of the play, which may seem in report to be a grotesque challenge to Christian susceptibilities, is informed by a simple graciousness that is its sufficient defense. If Mr. Connelly had swerved from his path as an artist to throw in objective comment, he might have made his work blasphemous and unpardonable. From this he has refrained. What we experience we experience consistently through the medium of a child-like, pious, and ecstatic imagination."

Ready for Dinner or Doomsday

Gabriel and his horn, in "The Green Pastures."

Why Not the Husbands, Too?

THE DENVER "HEN HUDDLE," as it is facetiously described in one paper, excites some sympathy for the revolting wives, some protest against their desertion of their families, and a little moralizing, not entirely free from satire.

Eleven good women and true, according to an Associated Press dispatch, sequestered themselves in the country house of one of the number "to get away from it all."

The women, nine of them married, departed from their homes, leaving children and husbands behind, and forbidding communication of any kind with their retreat. The husbands repaired to clubs, and nurses took charge of the children.

As they shook the dust of home from their feet, the women, we read, said they were tired of bridge games interrupted by a clock which proclaimed it time to prepare dinner. They were also a little weary of parties and luncheons. They had performed their duties faithfully and well, they said, and were in need of a vacation.

The program for the retreat, so far as it could be learned, says the dispatch, included rope-skipping in the morning and "bridge to their hearts' content for the afternoon," and, possibly, evening.

The world is full of bored women who are a problem only to themselves, observes the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, which thinks that the Denver women hit upon a perfectly "lame-duck" idea for taking a vacation. "We can imagine any woman being wearied to death of the things that go with homes and children," says the Buffalo paper; "but why they should go to such lengths as to fortify themselves together in somebody else's house is a piece of hooey that passes understanding. They will be biting each other in the neck before the week is up."

"And what will they have proved? That there's no place like home. Women home-makers need a change; it's a pretty grilling life; but going into a hen huddle will get them nothing but an exchange of wisecracks. Any one of them would have had more fun doing a solo flight to Greenland."

IT is recalled by the Milwaukee *Journal* that some years ago a little band of farm wives, wearied by the round of washing milk cans and scrubbing floors, tried the same thing, and, from all accounts, had a good time. But the farm movement did not spread very far, and *The Journal* wishes the tired ladies of Denver better luck. Some may smile and wonder why these good women need a vacation; but, says *The Journal:*

"The scoffers fail to realize that bridge, as it is played at some afternoon bridge clubs, is a strenuous exercise.

"To try to keep your mind on thirteen cards in your own hand, thirty-nine cards in the hands of three others around the

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table, and at the same time talk about the latest in styles, is an ordeal which in time is a drain on the strongest constitution.

"Add to that the duty of rushing home to put on the potatoes, and you have a pace from which relief is necessary."

AND the kindly Baltimore *Evening Sun* sympathizes with the Denver wives, and says, "the wonder is that more wives don't drop their brooms and dish-rags—or their bridge scores—and hie them off to a place where there are no husbands, no children, and no meals to plan or prepare. And for that matter," says the Baltimorean, "it is a wonder that more husbands don't do the same thing." For—

"If wives feel that husbands sometimes cramp their style, the feeling is probably not entirely one-sided. If a woman who loves good music is upset when her husband insists upon dialing for jazz, then a husband who plays a good hand of bridge must long for a partner who does not forget when the last trump has been played.

"Still, there are complications.

"The business of seeking to avoid the responsibilities involved in married life is a little more complicated than might appear. On the whole, the family, as a social unit, is probably still on fairly safe ground."

But such a revolt among those who can afford it is not uncommon in these days, observes the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, which notes that—

"Scores of wealthy women have gone into trade to escape it. Others, especially young women, have voluntarily withdrawn from recognized groups to live their own lives immediately upon reaching their majority.

"The new generation of so-called society women does not take kindly to the old system and is seeking more useful, and therefore more desirable, places in the general scheme of things. The truly modern woman is not satisfied with being merely ornamental."

"Knock, and It Shall Be Opened"

THE DOOR OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, one of London's famous churches, is never locked.

For some reason they believe in St. Martin's that the church should be a sanctuary for those who are cold and wet, penniless and hungry, as well as a place of worship for all.

This night Trafalgar Square was wet and dismal. Taxis and buses were few and far between. Dorothy Price ran up the broad steps of the church to seek shelter until chance brought a vehicle. As she waited, a young man dashed up and knocked on the door. A bolt was drawn, and she heard him mumble something about having no money and no place to sleep. Then the door opened wide, and a policewoman said, "Come along!"

Forgetting her taxi, Miss Price followed. She wanted to see more of the church that gave shelter to penniless strangers late at night. She tells us in *The Churchman* (Episcopal) what she saw and heard in this old church of London:

"Down the stone steps we went into the crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the church whose door is never closed. Under the broad white arches whose shadows cast a dim gloom were many benches, some facing the altar, others placed in a semi-circle around.

"The benches were filled with men of every conceivable type and class, lying, sitting or huddled in a multitude of uncomfortable positions.

"They were men from all walks of life, who for some good reason would have been forced to spend the night in the street had they not known that they could always find shelter in the crypt of St. Martin's.

"No sound was heard in the dim room except the snores in various keys and tunes and the scratch, scratch of another policewoman's pen as she put down a few notes on the records of Christ's guests, for such they were.

"One could imagine that these poor tired souls had seen these words in bold letters above that side door 'Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

"An old man on a bench in a corner coughed and stirred, then sat up to wind his gray woolen muffler more tightly around his head. The policewoman was on her feet in a moment.

"'Excuse me a moment,' she said, as she went out into another room. When she returned she brought an old steamer rug and threw it over the worn old man. 'We don't usually furnish cover,' she continued, 'but this is a very sad case. The poor old fellow is almost ill with a cold. He's been here three nights, and begged to be allowed to come on two more nights until he goes to his new job on Saturday. We know his case is deserving, so we let him come back. Usually three nights in succession are all that we can spare to take care of a single case but there are some exceptions. If work is really desired, we hope to find it for those who will come back during the day and tell their story to one of the officials of the church.'"

ADMITTANCE is refused only to those who have been drinking, and that is for the sake of the others. Besides shelter for the night, breakfast is given in the morning, and a meal ticket for lunch is furnished to those who wish to come back to the church until they can find work. Clothing, too, is given when necessary.

As Miss Price was learning these things from a policewoman,

"A door at the side of the stairway opened, and a young girl came out. Her old blue coat was worn thread-bare, her hair hung in strings about her face almost hiding her red, swollen eyes.

"'I can't sleep,' she sobbed. 'Do you have anything that will make me sleep?'

"'Go back and I'll bring you some hot milk in a moment,' the policewoman told her.

"When it was ready, I followed her into the room the girl had come from. There, instead of benches were several rows of wooden bunks which looked like cradles supported by poles at each end. They were two deep and there must have been at least twenty of these double-decked berths. More than half were filled with young, middle-aged, and old women—some asleep; some wide-eyed and staring, and one or two sobbing.

"One mother was sound asleep with her hand resting on her little girl in another cradle close beside hers.

"The heart-broken girl stopt crying long enough to gulp the warm milk and sank back on her cushion. As we came out the matron said, 'Poor child—she certainly needs sleep. She was awake every time I was in here last night. We find it much more comforting and humane to have the women in a separate room. And those bunks are really much more comfortable than the hard benches outside. That girl we just saw has no work and no money. She came from the country to London to find work. Her father had just died, leaving her without a penny. When she failed to pay for her room yesterday, she was turned out and her luggage was kept until she could pay the room rent. We have cases like that almost every night.'"

ONCE a millionaire who had been robbed of forty pounds and his cards of identification had to seek shelter in St. Martin's. Sometimes Oxford and Cambridge students who have spent all their money go there, and on the very night of Miss Price's visit, a farmer from South Africa, who had come home for a visit and spent his all, was cared for until his ship sailed in the morning.

A strange thing happened, Miss Price says, just before she left:

"A young man and woman, both drest in evening clothes, came in and asked if they might stay a few moments. They walked to a bench before the altar, knelt for almost a quarter of an hour, and went out. As the young woman passed the alms box at the foot of the stairs, she dropt in a pound note. Not once did they seem to be aware of any of the other occupants of the room.

"It was almost one o'clock in the morning before I actually came away.

"As I reached the top of the stairs I heard a baby cry. The matron on duty there had just let in three more visitors, a whole family this time.

"The father was explaining why they had come; all their money had been spent for food for the baby, and they could not pay for a night's lodging anywhere else. Almost before he finished his story the infant stopt crying, and I wonder if even that tiny bundle of humanity could know that at last it had come to a place of rest and peace."

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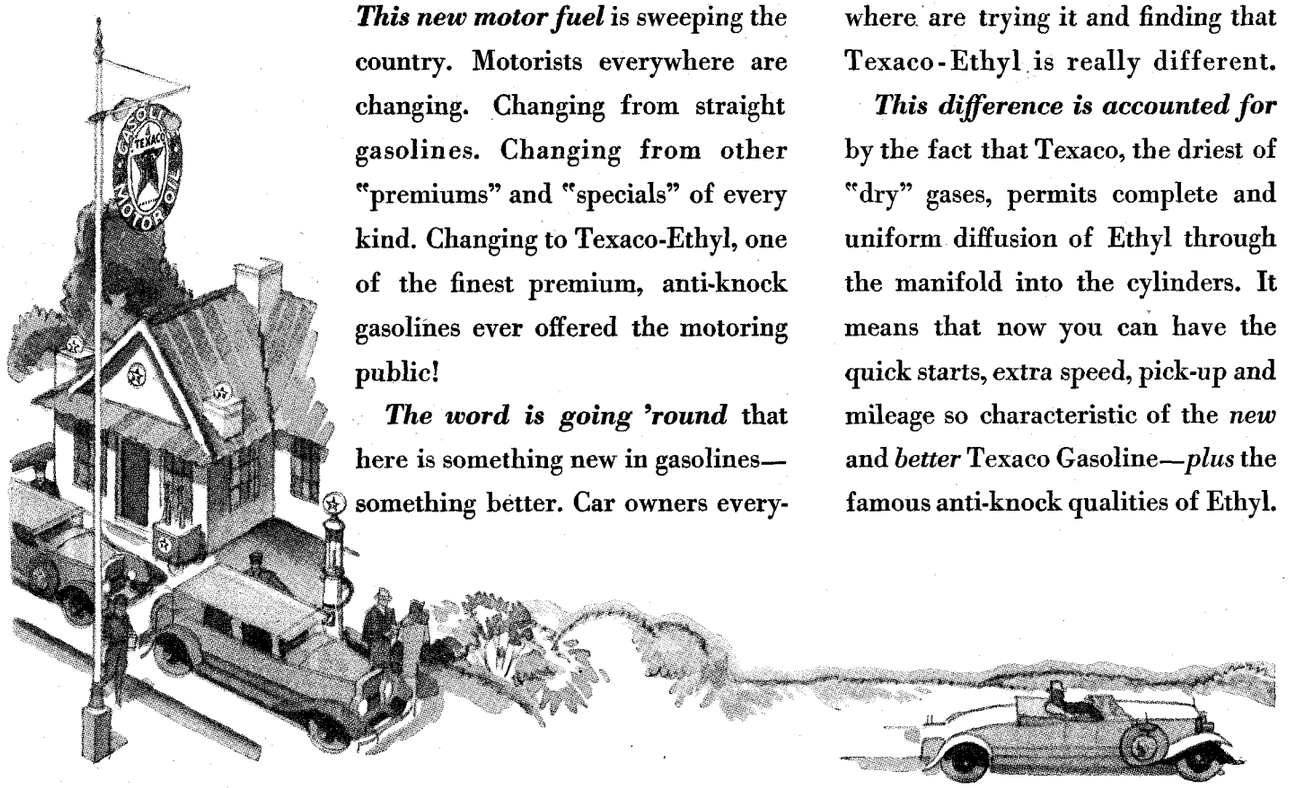

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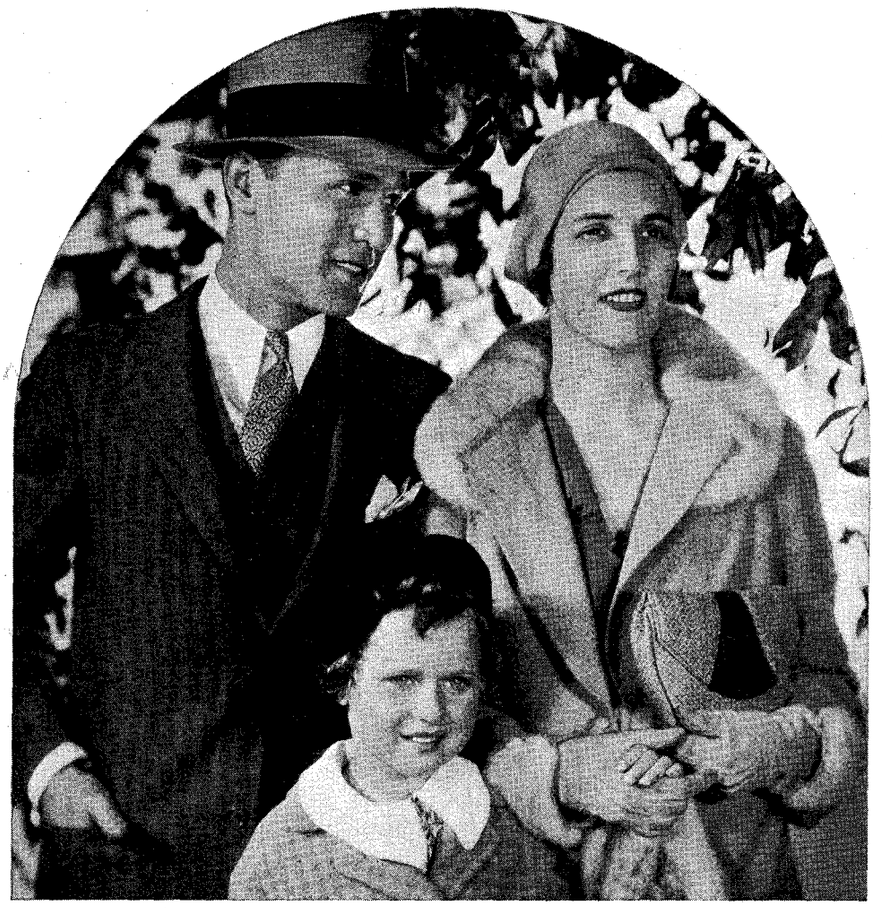

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The Flying Doctor and the Bedsheet Signals

THE FRANTIC HUSBAND PACED THE FLOOR. His wife was ill, seriously ill.

He had called the doctor, of course, but it was a long trip out from town—an hour and ten minutes by automobile.

Had the doctor started?

Could he make it in time?

To ease his mind, the husband went to the phone again. He called the doctor's office, just to make sure that he was on the way.

But even as he was being given his number and learning that the physician had started, he heard the sound of a motor outside.

It couldn't be the doctor. That would be impossible. There hadn't been enough time for him to make the trip.

But it was the doctor—Dr. Frank A. Brewster of Holdrege, Nebraska.

In the field beside the house stood the doctor's plane.

Dr. Brewster does not fly just once in a while, in case of an emergency, we learn from Gerard Coburn Griswold in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

This flying physician is in the air almost every day as a matter of course. He has a fleet of three planes which he uses in attending to his practise in homes and hospitals scattered over a wide area.

How and why Dr. Brewster flies, with what results, and how homes where there is illness let him know of their needs, Mr. Griswold tells us as we read on:

In the broad and fertile valley of the Republican River there are many homes and windmills.

From high in the air the place of one man looks much like the place of his neighbor.

Windmills also look alike.

Dr. Brewster has sometimes been in doubt.

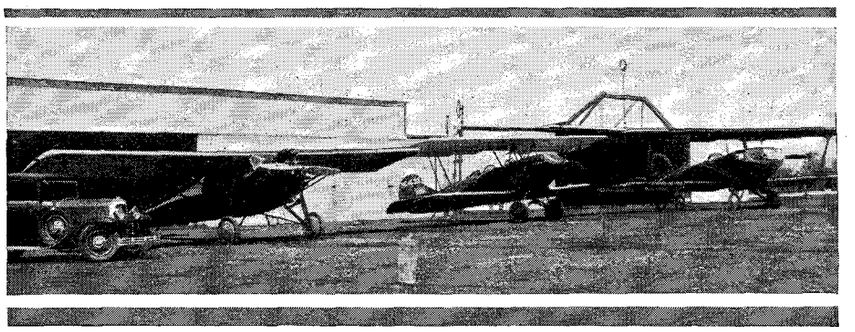
From a seat in his new Monocoach, he looks down from a height of 2,000 feet upon a great flat world.

Yes, there are many homes that look alike and windmills of a piece.

Yet there is one mill that is different!

Look, on one side a white flag flutters, like the signal of distress a shipwrecked crew unfurls above the raft. It is a signal of distress, a sheet from a bed in a house where skill is needed! The doctor swoops toward it.

The folks expect him. That is why they raised the flag he knows so well, that he might find his way.



The Doctor's Gigs, 1930 Nebraska Style

Long after the white man came to Nebraska, settled, and built roads, the roads were bad.

But Dr. Brewster had to travel them. He walked at first, then he used a bicycle.

His practise increased so he bought a team and rig.

Moving to Beaver City, he kept considerable of his first practise, while the new continually grew. Trains and horses couldn't fill the bill.

The first automobile in Furnas County was purchased by Dr. Brewster. It cost $750, and came from Detroit in a furniture car.

An instruction book came with it. Quite a crowd collected at the station when it arrived. Dr. Brewster learned to drive from the book.

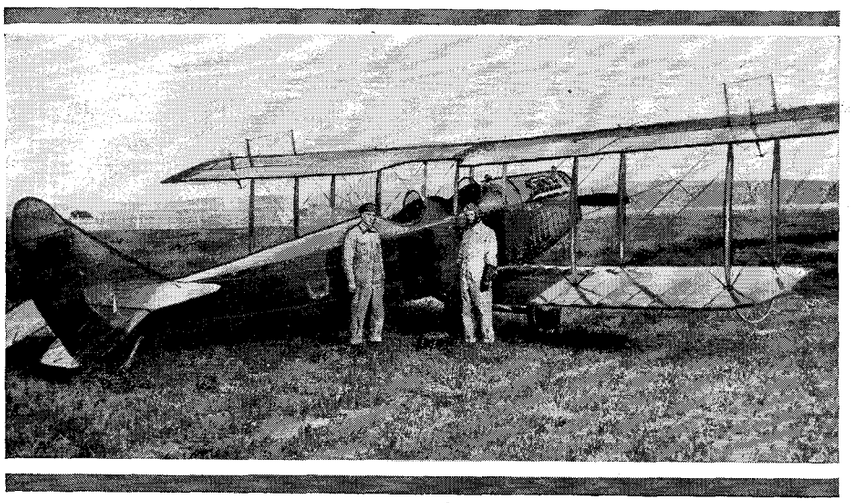
He was his own mechanic. Sometimes he would get all of 2,000 miles from a set of tires. When the roads were good, he'd whizz at twenty miles an hour. There were no filling-stations and garages.

Dr. Brewster bought an automobile solely with better transportation in mind.

For the same reason he bought an airplane.

A hospital was needed badly. So he built the Republican Valley Hospital at Arapahoe, the first in Furnas County and southwestern Nebraska.

IT is "a matter of official record that Dr. Brewster was the first physician in the world to buy and operate an airplane for use in making professional calls," the writer claims as he continues his highly informative account:



Dr. Brewster Looks Over His First Ship

That first purchase was made in Beaver City eleven years ago. Lieut. Wade Stevens, just discharged from the army air service, "sold" the doctor the idea.

The Curtiss people sold him the plane. It was a JN4, of the type then used as training-planes by the Government. It cost $8,000.

There were no hangars. When the doctor landed, they tied it to a fence to keep it anchored.

To have run out of fuel would have meant a lot of trouble then. The curious were a problem.

To date the doctor has flown about a dozen planes, for which he has paid close to $50,000. It also costs to operate a plane and keep a pilot at your beck and call.

But the doctor says it is proving a good investment. By this he means that he is able to take care of his practise by reason of his flying.

Dr. Brewster is not a rich man in money, say those who know him well. Practically all that his practise brings goes back into his work. Right now he has three planes on hand.

Dr. Brewster lives in a rented house, but he operates two hospitals.

In both he is active every day, tho they are miles apart. One

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... on the green it's

ACCURACY!

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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... in a cigarette it's TASTE!

THE merest touch can spoil a good putt. In surprising degree a slight change can make or mar a cigarette.

* * *

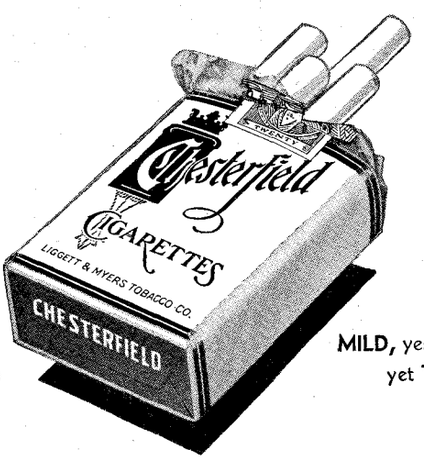
Man . . . Science . . . Nature . . . all work together for taste in Chesterfield. Tobaccos, selected regardless of cost, are blended and cross-blended with scientific precision to an exact formula that cannot be copied.

* * *

And such tireless patience pays; the cigarette choice of increasing millions today is Chesterfield with its mellow richness and always satisfying good taste —

TASTE *above everything*

field MUST BE DESERVED



MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

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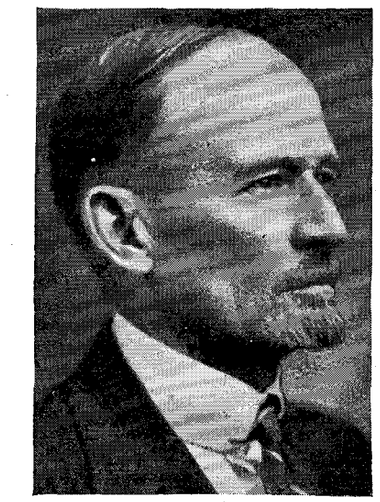
is at Holdrege. Just 135 miles southwest of Holdrege by automobile lies Oberlin, Decatur County, Kansas. Here Dr. Brewster has obtained the former home of the late Otis L. Benton, banker, and has converted it into another model hospital. It is known as the Benton Memorial hospital.

Back and forth 115 miles as the crow flies, so flies Dr. Brewster daily, to call on his patients.

All of the members of the Brewster family are air-minded and fly, altho Mrs. Brewster is always more or less anxious when her husband or the others are about it.



Air-Minded Dr. Brewster

Some time back Wayne Brewster cracked up from a height of 800 feet, while riding as a passenger in a plane in Kansas. He suffered severe head injuries, and was unconscious for many days. Despite this he is just as fond of the air as ever.

On May 23, 1919, Dr. Brewster made his first air call. He flew from Beaver City to Herndon, Kansas, to attend an emergency case. Word had come that Guy Sidey of Eldorado, Kansas, had suffered a fractured skull as the result of an oil derrick accident near Herndon. Reading on:

The trip by auto was seventy miles, and owing to the condition of the roads, would have taken all of three hours.

Dr. Brewster in his plane made it in fifty minutes.

Sidey's skull had been crusht. Bits of bone were pressing against the brain.

Dr. Brewster arrived, made a perfect landing, hurried to the man, did what was necessary, and flew back home, all in less time than it would have taken him to reach the injured man by auto.

The next day he flew to the Cooperative Hospital in McCook where he performed two operations. Everywhere he went in those early days, town and countryside turned out to see him.

Not a few "false alarms" were sent in by people who were not fortunate enough to be ailing, but who wanted to see the flying doctor, anyway.

But this soon passed.

It wasn't long until those who had been peering anxiously down country roads for a sight of the family doctor's jogging team, learned to tie a sheet to the windmill and look for help from above.

Flying regularly throughout the week for ten years has rolled up "hours in the air" for the doctor. Already the total is well into four figures, and here are more details:

Of course the doctor can fly the plane, but he doesn't very often. When asked the reason, he replied, "Conservation."

Wade Stevens, Warren Kite, killed while flying at Grand Island, Dr. J. Hodge Smith, Earl Barnes, and Joe Lowry have been his pilots.

Now Arvine J. Bierman, former student of Lowry, works the pilot's stick.

Dr. Brewster and his pilots don't have accidents. There are a number of good reasons.

One is they travel always in the best of ships. Capable of making great speeds, these planes are never pushed to the limit.

No more stunting takes place in the Monocoach than in the operation of the trains that pull in and out of the Holdrege depot.

Making the "Spirit of St. Louis" a Back Number

If LINDY FLEW TO PARIS TO-DAY, what a change there would be!

It was Capt. Charles Augustus Lindbergh then, "little known except in the flying fraternity, taken none too seriously up to the last minute preparatory to that great flight," a writer in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* tells us.

The contrast is continued.

"It is Colonel Lindbergh to-day, if you please—still, after three years, the greatest hero of American youth."

But the change, in the event that Lindbergh made a 1930 New York-Paris flight, would not be in the man or in the boundless enthusiasm of his millions of admirers.

It would be in his plane.

For, sad to relate, that grand old ship, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, has become, technically, more or less a back number. Not, we hasten to add, that it has decreased in the affections of air-minded Americans.

The three years since Lindbergh's Paris flight, the *Post-Dispatch's* writer tells us further, have brought "most remarkable aeronautic progress. In these three years so much has been done in aviation that hardly anything, excepting, perhaps, the fundamental theory of flying, remains unchanged."

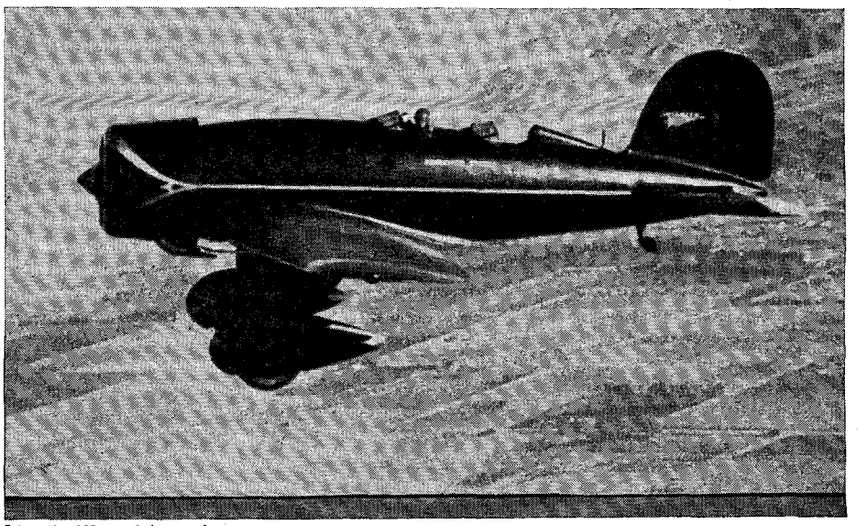
We can find at least a superficial verification of this, merely by comparing the illustrations accompanying this article—the photographs of the *Spirit of St. Louis* and Colonel Lindbergh's present plane.

But the writer in *The Post-Dispatch* probes deeper for other changes, and offers us this contrast between the 1927 and 1930 craft:

It already looks old-fashioned, the ship that Lindbergh rolled out of the hangar at Roosevelt Field, near New York, the morning of Friday, May 20, in 1927.

In the pointed nose of the Ryan monoplane was a nine-cylinder radial motor.

Back of the motor was the gas-tank that Lindbergh had installed to carry the extra gasoline he would need for the 3,625-mile flight from New York to Paris.



International Newsreel photograph

The Flying Colonel's Present Ship

That, with the regular tanks in the wings above him, enabled him to carry 452 gallons of fuel.

Directly above the tank, the wings spread out in monoplane fashion to a width of forty-six feet, ten feet wider than the wing-spread of the stock airplanes Ryan then manufactured, in order to afford the greater lift needed for the increased weight of fuel.

Just behind the tank, hidden by the wings, sat Lindbergh, his rather meager instrument-board before him and a periscope reaching from his eye-level upward and out above the wing-top, enabling

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NEW LOWER PRICES

A CAR FOR YOUTH OF ALL AGES

Youth has no age limits. For youth is of the mind—the quality of *being young* regardless of years. Today, the motor car that is attracting youth of all ages—simply because it reflects in itself the spirit of youth—is the finer De Soto Six. It has the lively lines and the freshness of youth—an athletic grace and smartness in keeping with the youthful zest of its swift and silent performance. Today's De Soto Six engine is larger and more powerful—a veritable fountainhead of thrills for those youthful motorists from sixteen to sixty who like plenty of power and lots of action. De Soto is for those who *feel* young.

New Lower Prices: *Roadster, $810; Phaeton, $830; Business Coupe, $830; De Luxe Coupe, $860; Four-Door Sedan, $875; Convertible Coupe, $945. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

THE FINER

DE SOTO SIX

WORTHY COMPANION CAR TO THE WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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IT'S MODERN TO HEAT WITH GAS

TO KEEP YOUR house CLEAN

House cleaning time! That is when wives appreciate Ideal Gas Boilers—the heating plant that never spreads dust and dirt over walls, ceilings, hangings and furniture.

Not only do Ideal Gas Boilers help at house cleaning time, but at every other time of the year they free you from the cares of furnace tending.

You simply turn all your heating cares over to a mechanical device which never suffers from lapse of memory or neglects its duty. It regulates your fire with much more accuracy and patience than the most experienced furnace man, burning only as much fuel as is needed—from the inexhaustible supply that is always on tap.

IDEAL GAS BOILERS

combine with other luxurious features, all the efficiency that the American Radiator Company builds into every boiler. They are absolutely automatic, controlled entirely mechanically—and the fuel comes from the same inconspicuous pipe as the fuel for your kitchen range and is paid for on the same bill—after you have used it. It eliminates all responsibility on the part of the owner and furnishes healthful, clean warmth—automatically.

Write for complete information on the comfort, convenience and cleanliness of Ideal Gas Boilers.

GAS UTILIZATION DEPARTMENT

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 West 40th Street, New York City

GAS HEATING IS NO LONGER A LUXURY

MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

him to see ahead. That ship embodied the very latest in aeronautic design at the time.

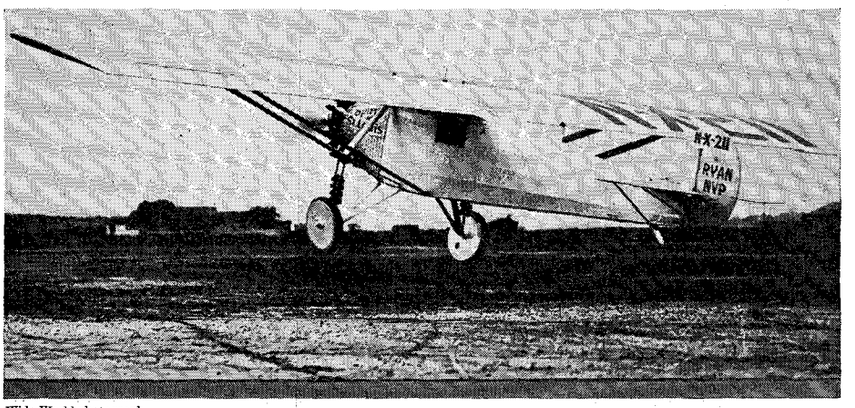
Lindbergh's plane to-day, if he were to repeat that flight, would be quite different from this one of three years ago, every one in aviation readily concludes.

But what type of plane that would be is still a matter of personal prejudice and conjecture.

The best guess ought to be based on Lindbergh's own choice to-day, the plane he bought for himself and Mrs. Lindbergh—a Lockheed.

Note that Lindbergh sticks to the monoplane.

The monoplane has gained considerably in favor over the biplane, due to its decreased frontal area and resulting lower wind resistance, its greater maneuverability, and its improved construction.



Wide World photograph

The Plane That Made Us All Air-Minded

The monoplane most assuredly has the choice for this supposed Atlantic flight.

EVERY feature of Lindbergh's new plane "is designed to help increase speed," says the writer, proceeding to details:

At the nose of the ship, and directly over the entire motor, is one of the most advanced features in aviation—the cowling designed in the laboratories of the National Advisory Committee of Aeronautics, by which the speed of the plane is raised by as much as twenty-five miles an hour.

It is so designed that the stream of air passing over the motor strikes a minimum of motor underneath.

That cowling undoubtedly would be a feature of Lindbergh's transatlantic plane, as it is of his present plane.

Underneath that cowling would be a much more efficient motor than the one he used three years ago, altho that was considered then the very latest in aeronautical engines.

Lindbergh's motor of 1927 was a Wright Whirlwind of the J-5 type.

It was a nine-cylinder, radial, air-cooled engine, weighing 500 pounds, and developing 220 horse-power when it turned over 2,000 times a minute.

That means it weighed about two and a half pounds to the horse-power.

This is quite an advantage over an automobile engine of similar power, which weighs as much as twelve pounds to the horse-power.

But it is already a clumsy machine when compared with almost any present airplane motor.

To-day, for instance, the latest Wright Whirlwind—for easy comparison—weighs fifteen pounds less than Lindbergh's did, and develops 300 horse-power to the old one's 220, and at the same speed.

That makes it weigh only a little over a pound and a half to the horse-power—a pound per horse-power less than the J-5.

RADIO apparatus, of course, "would be a highly important feature" of such a cross-ocean plane. It has been "undergoing severe tests" for the last three years, and with these results:

It has guided pilots along the most hazardous routes by means of an ingenious dot-and-dash system, and has kept them informed of weather conditions.

Further to assure his safe crossing, Lindbergh to-day would carry such instruments with him as guided former Lieutenant James H. Doolittle safely through his hazardous experiments in blind flying.

Perhaps the most valuable of these instruments was the artificial horizon, a gyroscopic arrangement by which Doolittle was able to tell whether he was flying nose up or down, whether he was tilting to left or right.

AIRPLANES are made to-day so that they can right themselves of their own accord. This is called "inherent stability." But further to assure the plane's stability, we are told:

Lindbergh might have an automatic pilot attached to his plane. Thus, if by chance he fell asleep under the monotonous drone of the motor, and the airplane tended to bank or dive unduly, this Robot would right the plane.

The instrument to which Lindbergh ascribed his success in staying on his prescribed route across the ocean is the earth-inductor compass.

This was a wind-driven motor with a magnetic field that was constantly kept parallel to the magnetic field of the earth by means of a controller.

Every fifty miles or so Lindbergh had to turn the dial of this controller in order to keep the compass field parallel, and, therefore, in neutral to the earth's field.

Any deviation from this field would show on another dial before him, and tell him exactly in what direction or how much off his course he was flying.

The Atlantic has been conquered. Soon it will be the Pacific, and soon the entire globe will be traversed in a week or so.

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News...if you drive a

Ford Model A Hudson
De Soto Dodge
Essex Reo

A new grade of Mobiloil is offered to meet scientifically the lubrication problem of your car . . .

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

In the cars listed above, and in certain models of other cars listed in the chart at the left, we recommend the use of the new Mobiloil "AF"—

Because—it will stand up better under the higher engine temperatures of today's fast driving, and last longer.

Because—it is heavier in body than Mobiloil "A" and lighter than Mobiloil "BB".

Because—it is made by the makers of the world's leading quality oils.

Because—it is the result of thorough engine and lubrication study by the most experienced staff of lubrication scientists in the world.

Because—it is made by the vacuum process in the world's most modern lubrication plants.

Because—it is made from the world's finest crudes, selected by the outstanding authorities on scientific lubrication.

Because—it sells at 30 cents a quart (35 cents in Southwest, Mountain, and Far Western States).

Add to the performance of your good car, the improved performance *correct lubrication* can give it. Let your Mobiloil dealer drain your crankcase today and refill with this outstanding new lubricant.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Mobiloil "AF"

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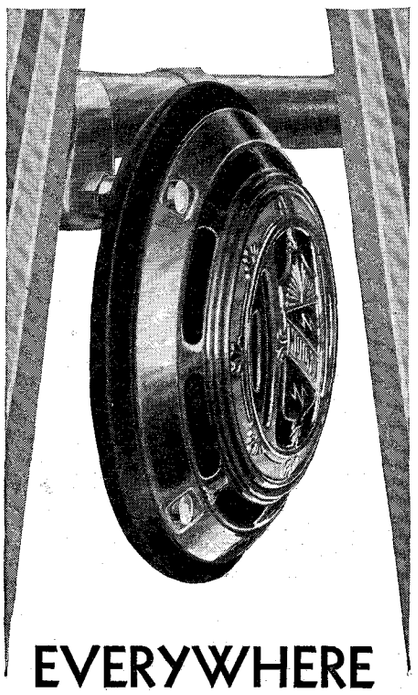
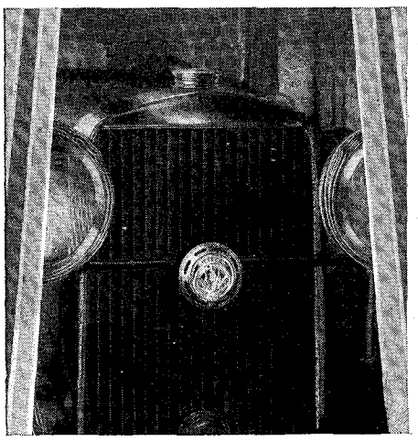


EVERYWHERE

YOU SEE - AND HEAR

MOTOVOX



THE "OUT-IN-FRONT" HORN

MoToVoX is the name of the new and revolutionary warning signal for automobiles. It occupies the one logical place on your car for a horn. It mounts out in front on the crossbar, where its insistent and compelling tone is quite unobstructed. MoToVoX is a thing of beauty. It could not be otherwise, for motorists today are keenly conscious of appearance. The shining disk of MoToVoX is a credit to any car. It will make your car, too, safer and smarter. Ask your dealer.

MOTOVOX PREMIER 6¾" dia. $7.50

MOTOVOX STANDARD 5¼" dia. $5.00

MOTO METER GAUGE & EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Long Island City, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio LaCrosse, Wis.

The Parking Problem Spreads to the Water

GET out on the water, where the breezes blow!

Leave the hot, dirty city behind for a refreshing, invigorating cruise!

So we are urged by the friends of motor-boats and motor-boating.

Which is all very well, but brings up an acute problem.

Just where are we going to put our motor-boats when necessity compels us to be in the hot, dirty city earning a living?

There are some 1,356,000 motor-boats in the United States, according to an article by George Lee Dowd, Jr., in *The Popular Science Monthly*. The problem of finding parking-places for them is acute in such centers as Detroit, New York, Boston, San Francisco, and Miami.

What is being proposed in the way of solutions is outlined by Mr. Dowd. In Detroit, for example:

A new way of parking motor-boats is to be tried.

Individual "boat wells" of concrete, similar to stalls for automobiles in a garage, are part of a $249,000 structure planned for that city.

Cruisers and runabouts speeding up the Detroit River from Lake Erie, or coming down from Lake St. Clair, will put up in these wells, which are leased by boat-owners for the year.

Already similar privately operated boat harbors offer shelter for water craft in that city.

Thus one city solves a problem that yearly becomes more acute—where to dock motor-boats.

The United States, with its fine inland waterways, lakes, and sheltered ocean routes, offers splendid routes for motor-boats, but few places to keep them.

In cities, especially, where private boat-houses are fewer, facilities are often wofully inadequate.

Yacht clubs provide mooring for only a few craft, compared with the number that would be used if more harbors were available. The experience of most of the big cities shows that it is a problem for the municipality itself.

IMAGINE 32,000 motor-boats crowded into one of the most densely populated areas in the world, and a "picture is obtained of the puzzle that confronts New York City, the center, by sheer weight of numbers, of any small-boat discussion." Efforts are made to meet the situation thus:

Several yacht clubs house a few boats. The rest are docked as best they may be.

A harbor built across the Hudson River, at Englewood, New Jersey, by the Palisade Interstate Park Commission, was immediately filled to capacity, and now has a waiting-list of 100 boats.

The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, which has made a survey of harbor facilities all over the country, estimates that if New York provided sufficient mooring space, its motor-boat population would jump at once to 100,000.

Owners could easily commute to the city, as a few now do, and park the boats in slips during the day.

The craft would be easily accessible to city-dwellers for evening, afternoon, and week-end cruising.

Already New York is awakening to this need. Money has been appropriated by the city to build two small yacht basins in connection with an extension and improvement of Riverside Park.

According to Park Commissioner Walter R. Herrick, the Park Department is ready to proceed immediately with their construction as soon as a railroad with tracks in the park area completes its announced project of covering them.

Meanwhile the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers proposes a much more extensive plan—to line the water-front from this park northward, for six miles, with a series of docks.

These would accommodate hundreds of boats through the use of "T-head" piers—so called because of their branching ends on the water side. They would be built on concrete or metal-covered piles, which would allow a free flow of water beneath the docks, avoiding accumulation of silt and sand. The river-front adjoining the docks would become a promenade.

A third plan would convert unused steamships into breakwaters for boat harbors. This plan is proposed by the New York Yacht Basin Association, an organization of motor-boat owners.

It would utilize several of the old ships of the U. S. Shipping Board Fleet which have lain idle at their anchors since the war.

They would provide the equivalent of a concrete breakwater costing millions of dollars. Three or four 350-foot hulks would be bought, stript of their superstructure, loaded with rock ballast to their Plimsoll load-line, and moored fore and aft to make breakwaters.

NEW YORK is not the only city with a motor-boat problem. We discover that there are others. Among them:

Boston, a popular boating center, lacks adequate parking-places for boats. A plan suggested by the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, which would create a series of "T-head" docks in Pleasure Bay, is interesting because of its method of offsetting the seven-and-a-half-foot rise and fall of the tide.

Boats would be moored, not to the dock, but to a floating walk adjoining it that rises and falls, while sliding collars hold it to anchoring piles.

A hinged stairway leads to the dock. Such a method, of course, is applicable in New York, or any other city where tide is a problem.

Memphis, where the Mississippi rises thirty-five feet from its low to its high level, has a unique boating center in a floating barge, and larger floating docks are proposed for the future.

Chicago has already partly completed one of the finest potential motor-boat harbors in the world.

An improvement of its water-front by a long series of breakwaters and artificial islands will provide protected lagoons for sheltered boat basins.

San Francisco, where the newly completed harbor of the St. Francis Yacht Club moors an imposing fleet of boats at its slips and wharves, also plans a municipal "aquatic park" with two huge breakwaters.

A modern system of "T-head" docks not only solved Miami's motor-boat problem, but yielded that city a profit.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such a gentle, exhilarating dentifrice

white, dazzling teeth at a saving of $3 a year

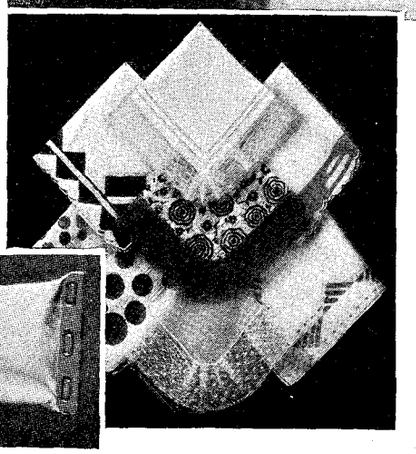
UNTIL you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c you will never know how effective, pleasant —and how economical—a dentifrice can be.

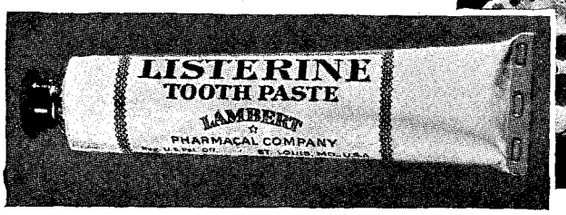
Men and women tell us that little brushing is necessary; they say that its action seems almost automatic. Discolorations left by food and tobacco disappear at once. The superfine cleansing and polishing agents reach the crevices between the teeth and dislodge decaying particles of food. To the broad surfaces of the teeth they impart a flashing luster that others envy. And remember, they cleanse safely, being harder than tartar they remove it, and being softer than enamel are harmless to it.

Yet this dentifrice costs you but 25c the large tube. And it is made by the makers of Listerine—proof enough for anybody that its merit is beyond question. Such a paste at such a price is made possible by economical buying power, modern methods of manufacture, and mass production.

More than a million people, having satisfied themselves by actual tests that Listerine Tooth Paste is superior, have discarded costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The saving that follows amounts to $3 a year per person. That saving becomes increasingly important when the family is large.

Don't take our word for the merit of Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube today at your druggist's and try it for a month. We predict that you will be so satisfied that you will not care to use any other. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.





Buy Handkerchiefs with what it saves you

That's just one suggestion for that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. There are many others. Gloves for example. Hosiery for women. Socks for men. Let's stop there. Nobody needs to tell a woman how to spend money.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25c

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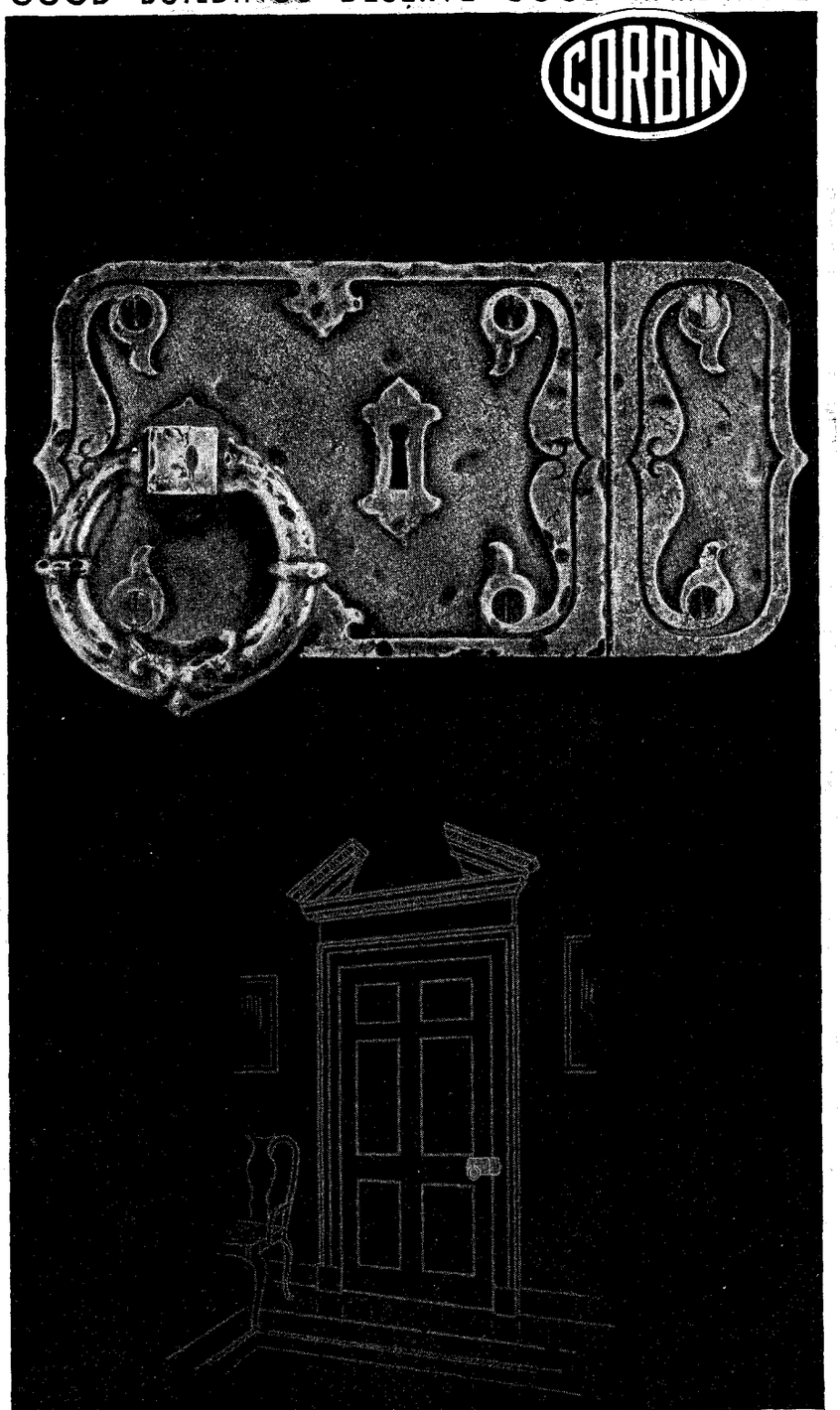
Good Hardware never betrays its maker–or its owner

GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE

CORBIN



• Shown above is a Corbin rim lock with drop ring—Somerset design •

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN, CONN., U. S. A.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
Makers of the world's most complete line of builders' hardware

MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

Plenty of Motor Fuel in Sight

AUTOMOBILE owners need not fear a shortage of motor fuel, according to Thomas T. Read, professor of mining engineering in Columbia University.

Professor Read foresees the possibility that the automobiles of the future may not require liquid fuel. This development he regards as no more improbable than flying was thirty years ago. He says, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the University's Department of Public Information:

The only people who have grounds for immediate worry are the petroleum refiners, who in 1929 made 420,000,000 gallons more gasoline than they could sell, and so had to add it to their already large stock.

It is true that it has been estimated by scholarly observers that we possess only one-fifth of the world's total supply of petroleum, altho we have furnished over two-thirds of all that has so far been consumed, and that last year's output was about one-twentieth of all we have obtainable.

But nobody can be certain as to how much is obtainable.

The wells drilled two or three years ago did not average over 2,500 feet in depth, while now engineers are talking confidently of drilling to 10,000 feet. Some wells are almost that deep already. In addition, not more than a third of the oil in the ground comes out of the well, tho practise in that regard is improving.

After we get the petroleum, only a little over one-third of it is converted into gasoline at present prices, but with the incentive of higher prices it probably could be made to yield nearly twice as much.

We could stand higher prices for gasoline if we got more work out of it, for at present not more than one-tenth of the energy in the gasoline is turned into useful work, and scarcely more than a twentieth of it into the actual job of propelling the machine along the road.

When you multiply those factors successively, it is clear that there is much possibility that auto fuel will go further and therefore last longer than has been prophesied.

GASOLINE is not the only possible fuel for automobiles, for the research men and manufacturers have many other "strings to their bow," we are assured as the discussion is continued:

Motor fuel can be produced by the hydrogenation of coal, and the Leuna plant in Germany hoped to produce 100,000,000 gallons in that way last year.

Even in the face of the fact that more ordinary gasoline is being made than can be sold, a number of possibilities of substitute liquid fuels are being studied, and encouraging progress is being made.

Finally, there is the possibility that the automobile of the future may not require liquid fuel.

It seems improbable now, but not more improbable than flying through the air seemed thirty years ago. So there is no need for worry.

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Keep Stomach in shape *this way*

urges Norwegian Authority

Dr. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is a member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have used fresh yeast for years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition. It stimulates the functioning of the intestines and corrects constipation."

Doctors now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It "tones up" sluggish intestines till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Check indigestion this sensible way! Just eat *Fleischmann's* Yeast regularly, 3 times a day. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label.

Her own case bore out what doctors say

(BELOW) "A lot of the peppiest girls I knew ate Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Jeanne Johnson, *Los Angeles.* "So I tried it, too—and my indigestion was forgotten."

(BELOW) "I couldn't eat without indigestion," *writes* Willard Davis, *Atlanta, Ga.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and my indigestion soon disappeared."

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The Italian nutrition authority, DR. CHERUBINI, explains: "Yeast performs the double rôle of aiding both assimilation and elimination."

PROF. DR. BRANDWEINER, Vienna clinic head, asserts: "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion."

Europe's famous stomach specialist, DR. DELORT, says: "Yeast stimulates the gastric and intestinal movements."

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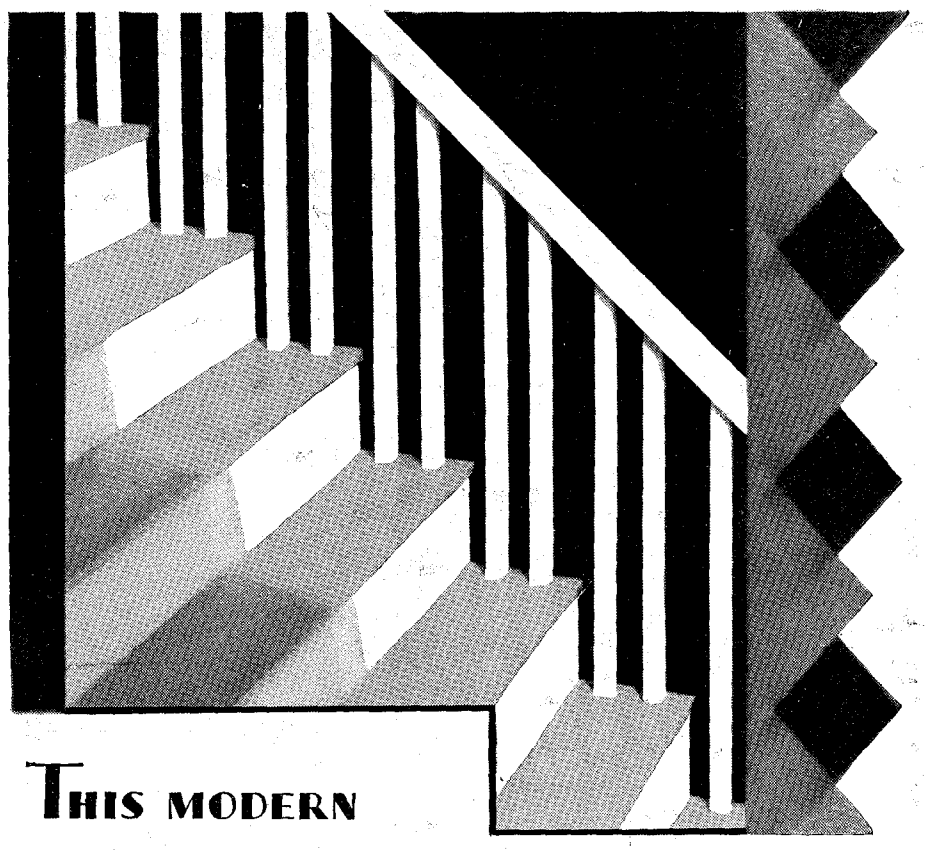


THIS MODERN
PAINT ENAMEL
PROTECTS ITS OWN
BEAUTY!

REMEMBER your first white or light-tinted interior? How proud of it you were! Then came dust . . . dirt . . . finger marks. Hours of scrubbing paint that *held dirt*. The fine interior proved helpless to protect itself.

Barreled Sunlight changed all this. It brought to modern homes new ease of cleaning—new beauty. For this paint enamel *seals itself against dirt*. A damp cloth instantly removes smudges.

Barreled Sunlight has a handsome, rich depth of finish peculiar to itself, and is guaranteed to remain white longest. Extremely easy to apply, flowing freely from the brush and spreading evenly.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums. Readily tinted. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

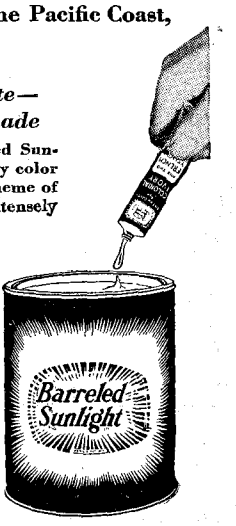
Also ask your dealer or your painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight. Brilliantly, intensely white, velvet-smooth; richly lustrous. Lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers. (For the Pacific Coast, W. P. Fuller & Co.)

A pure, lustrous white—easily tinted any shade

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight exactly the shade of any color you want—to match any scheme of interior decoration. This intensely white, "all-oil" product blends readily with any good oil color, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints.

Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.



BARRELED SUNLIGHT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
28-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check ☐ Homes ☐ Large Buildings ☐ Factories (Enclosed find 10¢ for sample can)
☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."
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Street .....
City ..... State .....

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

IN *Poetry* (Chicago) is a picture of loneliness, and suggestions of other human things:

THE HORSEMAN

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

Dust on the trail—then a blot—
Somebody coming! It's not
Usual here in this spot
Off the main highway, forgot
By the world. But he's nearer. He rides
At a trot on the level. He hides
Where the shoulder of sandstone obscures
The white cloud of his passing. He lures
Our eyes from the harrow and churn.
We taste of his coming. We yearn
For his voice, for the word of the trail,
For the pipefuls, the leisurely hail
And farewell of the dwellers alone
On the skirts of the high peaks of stone.
One more turn and he'll be at the door.
Quick, catch up the pail from the floor—
His horse will be thirsty, and set
The bench in the shadow, and get
Some food on the stove. "Step right down—
Take a seat. What's the good news from town?"
But he answers us shortly—a drink
For his horse from the spring—do we think
He can make Canyon City by dark?
We point out a blue ridge to mark.
He is cold and apart from our words.
He looks over the mountains—the birds
Are not more incurious. He shakes
The reins; the horse moves; silence breaks
On the hills, the thin trail, the tilled field.
He is gone. He will nevermore yield
Cheerful secrets of where he has been,
What has done, what has said, what has seen,
His name and his station—his flight
Has gathered them all. In the light
We watch him ascending the height,
More strange than the mountains and night.

FREE verse suffers a passing day, but sometimes it is to be found best adapted for limning a picture like this in *Saturday Night* (Los Angeles):

PASTORAL

BY YNEZ DE LA GUERRA

After an almost desert heat the still, cool night—
white and liquid in the moonlight.
From my cot on the verandah,
I see it between two white columns, a drapery
hung to one side makes a frame of classic
beauty.
I am part of the night—it lulls me to sleep.

When I awake, the moon has set, but in the depth
of the exotic dawn, glows the glorious morning
star like the heart of the sky, revealing itself
to the silent earth.

Sleep again and then the first rays of the sun
awaken me.
I am up—we are going to a sheep camp to take
provisions.
When we arrive, the sun is hot and herd and
herder are out.
We find them on the open field—the old man
leaning on his staff watching his thousand
sheep grazing on the sturdy hay stubble on
the hill slope—and the peace of the world
seems to be upon them.

He greets us with a happy smile.
Our simple supply is ample—he wants nothing,
nothing more.
His voice hardly stirs the air.
Then he gives his sign to his flock—a whistle and
a "Hi!"
As one they move.

And in the desert heat of the sun, under the
burning blue of the sky, from the four thousand
little feet, comes a long even, liquid sound as of
falling rain, rain—abundant rain!
I close my eyes and suddenly there falls on my
heart a strange ecstatic happiness.

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The *Competition* in Excellence

AN EXCESS OF CHEAP LABOR over a long period usually results in the blossoming of a high culture. Whips of hippo-hide helped materially to shape Egypt's ancient glories. The flowering of French civilization . . . Versailles, the Chateau Chambord, Fontainebleau . . . preceded an explosion of revolting serfs.

We are now entering upon a new period of extraordinary culture . . . of luxury, opulence, beauty, unparalleled in history. And this age of greatest culture is likewise built on a plenitude of cheap labor. Fortunately, however, this cheap labor is in the form of mechanical energy which frees human beings instead of enslaving them.

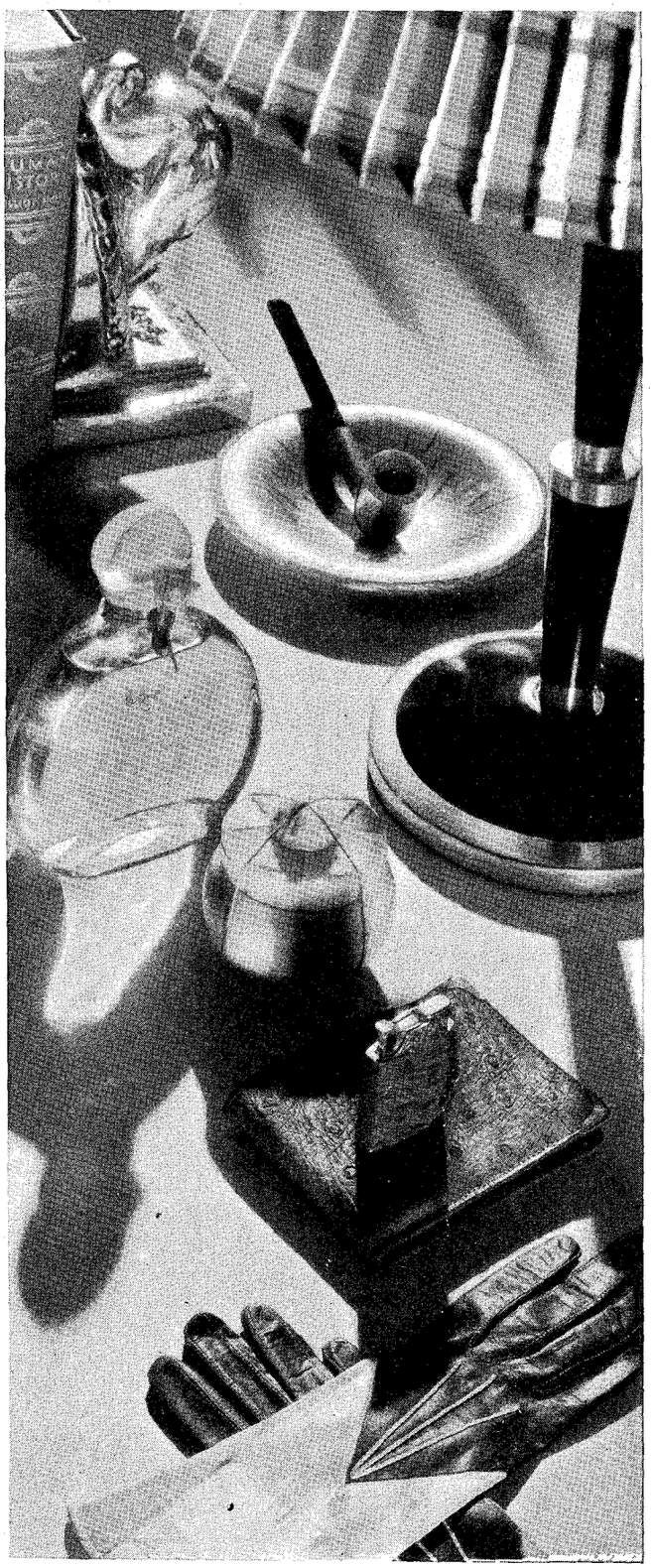
With good wages and more leisure time, an entire people . . . instead of a limited upper class . . . can now express the old repressed desires for higher forms of culture. And this means, simply, a cultivated sense of discrimination!

We have, in fact, definitely entered a new period of competition in excellence.

Almost everything today that is offered for sale must finally be sold on points that transcend fundamental mechanical efficiency. Manufacturers and merchants must give an intangible something more of excellence to overcome the competition of other products essentially as good as their own.

There are no exceptions to this principle. Foodstuffs must be more attractively packaged. Kitchen utensils must add beauty of color and form to serviceable quality. The bathroom and all its accessories are things of beauty. Excellence must be an element of your product.

AND EXCELLENCE in your advertising is as definitely a part of your product or service as are the elements of beauty or courtesy in the product or service itself. Your advertising is the language with which you speak to the world. It must be of suitable character if you wish it to identify you in the company of those manufacturers and merchants who occupy positions of leadership in this world of modern excellence.



N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.

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NEW YORK
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Drink it! Enjoy it!

COFFEE WON'T HARM YOU NOW!

AH! COFFEE—steaming, fragrant coffee! Perhaps you are one whom coffee keeps awake, yet you yield to its tempting fragrance. Perhaps it affects your nerves or your digestion, yet you love it just the same.

But never again need your love for coffee cause regret! For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that ever caused regret—caffein. You can now have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is called Sanka Coffee—and it is as fragrant and tempting as any blend you ever tasted.

And such delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is all coffee—nothing but coffee—a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. It is rich in flavor, tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells it—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

© 1930, S. C. Corp.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

CURRENT POETRY

Continued

THE overseas visit of Gold Star Mothers has had poetic recognition on many sides. This in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* strikes us:

THE RESTLESS DEAD

By Charles Bancroft

Pray, who are these, my comrade?
I hear the muffled beat
Of drums that roll in rhythm
For eager marching feet;
I see the happy children
With faces tanned and brown—
God's little saints of heaven,
That once the guns mowed down.

Look, comrade, see the banners!
Men fear less to forget
The fields in desolation,
The ground blood-soaked and wet.
How beautiful the poppies;
They never bloomed so fair.
The finest of our regiment
War took in harvest there.

Pray, who are these, my comrade?
Each wears a golden star,
They seem so grave and gentle
And yet have travelled far.
Are they the loving mothers
Who gave their sons for peace—
Fine manhood of our country
With hopes that wars might cease?

Hark to the sound, my comrade,
That stirs amidst the trees.
It is the voices of the dead,
They speak to such as these.
Abroad, at home, in every land
The young, the old, the gray
Must hear the message of the dead
On this Memorial Day.

"So long as greed or lust shall live
Within the hearts of men
Ye cannot hope for wars to cease,
But rather come again.
Until we know each little lad,
Clutched to a mother's breast,
May never know what we have known,
Then only shall we rest."

SINCE we have become a traveled people, these birds, celebrated by the London *Spectator*, are become among the most familiar:

SEAGULLS

By G. S. Collis

I will shape me a bird
that will be the envy of all creatures
said the Lord.
I will give them wings
whose property it shall be
to use wind and storm as things
for weaving patterns in the air,
figured swift and white
as for a second they are traced there,
then lost for evermore.
I will scatter them freely on the seas
and round the earthly shore.
Far, far from the earth,
in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean,
shall I place their playground and their hearth.
Sailing silver rays they'll make
while on furrowed fields by England's coast
they follow in the ploughman's wake.
When in rocks their home installing
they'll wheel in crowds
like snowflakes falling.
Though in the tempest ships go down
they shall sustain their play
as if the storm was but a lover's frown.
And their cries, so glad and yet so wan,
shall strike in pleasure and in pain
across the memory of Man,
bringing back the scene
of early morning by the sea
and things that might have been.

IF the feeling of the old salt in "Anna Christie," who could only exclaim "Old devil sea!" were put in verse, it might read like this in the Kansas City *Star:*

SEA PHILOSOPHY

By Lowe W. Wren

Who sails the sea—whatever may come after—
Will learn a truth defiant of his laughter,
A truth, indeed, that anyone can prattle
At anchorage or out beyond the rattle,
A sober truth, a truth forever pressing,
Who thinks he knows the sea—is only guessing!

Let Beauty flame today while sheets are winging
And every man—who cares for it—is singing!
Capture one hour—one hour of ease and dreaming—
This very night while every star is gleaming!
For he who thinks the sea has lost her thunder—
There is no shore but wails the ships gone under!

WE read this in *The Commonweal* (New York):

CHEIROGRAPH

By Henry Morton Robinson

Cæsar's hand was delicate,
Raleigh's hands were white,
Cromwell had a heavy hand,
And Fagin's hands were light;

Pilate—he had clean hands,
Judas's were cursed,
The soldiers' hands were calloused—
But Christ's hands were pierced.

FITTING for the season just past, is this from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

COMMENCEMENT

By Ruth Evelyn Henderson

I heard their swift feet
Racing down the hall.
I hoped they would not fall,
Knowing they were not cautious. . . .
A far door slammed.
I heard a joyous call
To some one gone ahead.
And that was all.

YOU may argue over this in *The New Republic*, and confirm your own belief or abandon it.

NO WORD

By Harold Lewis Cook

The star that fell in Eden
Like a burning leaf
Spelled no word that sin
Has its reward in grief.

Storm over Golgotha
And the earth trembling
Were not the wailing of heaven
At a cruel thing.

The pain and the sin of man
Concern moon and star
Less than the falling of water
In a broken jar.

The moon cries to the sea
That sleeps in her lost bed,
And fires far underground
Call fires from overhead.

Man is naught but one
Who witlessly between
Star and star distorts
The Seen with the Unseen,

And since the sun shines—
Till dark the light enclose—
Swears that it shines for him,
And sinks for his repose.

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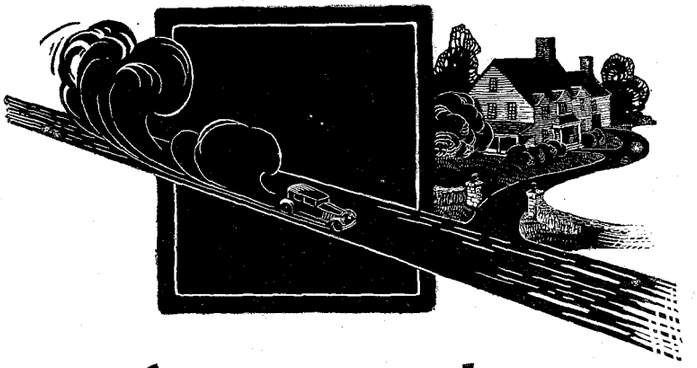
A REALLY DIFFERENT WAY to keep the



road surface on the road

Smooth, dustless roads are easily maintained by the use of this clean, odorless material

NOTHING else used to maintain good road surfaces acts like Flake Calcium Chloride.

It is known as the **natural** dust preventive and surface binder because it uses the natural moisture of the air to end dust and keep gravel and dirt roads smooth and resilient. It retains this moisture in the road surface and thus prevents dust.

Calcium Chloride keeps roads in such excellent condition that it often saves in repair expense more than enough to pay for its use as a dust preventive.

Its economies and low price provide an ideally practical way for every locality to keep its full share of good gravel and dirt roads—roads that many people prefer to paved roads.

And Calcium Chloride is so clean that it is used on many world-famous clay tennis courts and on many well-known park drives and gravel walks.

It is harmless and will not stain anything with which it is likely to come in contact. Though harmless, it retards unsightly weed growth and kills dangerous germs.

Call the attention of your local road officials to this remarkable material. Any of the companies listed here will gladly send you full information. Booklet 6Y explains highway uses, and special folder 6A tells how YOU can try it on your tennis court or drive. Write today.

FLAKE

CALCIUM CHLORIDE

CONTROLS DUST

CALCIUM CHLORIDE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY, Midland, Michigan

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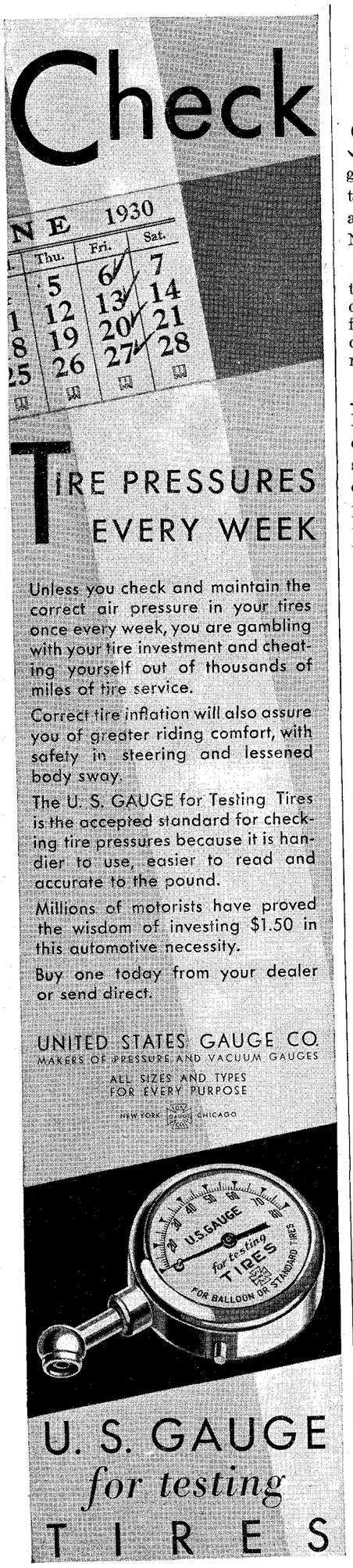
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TIRE PRESSURES EVERY WEEK
Unless you check and maintain the correct air pressure in your tires once every week, you are gambling with your tire investment and cheating yourself out of thousands of miles of tire service.
Correct tire inflation will also assure you of greater riding comfort, with safety in steering and lessened body sway.
The U. S. GAUGE for Testing Tires is the accepted standard for checking tire pressures because it is handier to use, easier to read and accurate to the pound.
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Buy one today from your dealer or send direct.
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Investments and Finance

No New Worlds for Business Alexanders

SPEAKING perfect English, the slim, youthful, well-groomed head of the great Swedish Match combination asked this question of the investment experts assembled at a Bond Club luncheon in New York:

"Does any one to-day seriously believe that there could be started, with any chance of success, an entirely new manufacturing company for electrical machinery, or for the telephone, or for cash-registers, or for typewriting machines?"

ASSUMING a negative answer, Mr. Ivar Kreuger went on to explain that his experience in Sweden and elsewhere persuaded him that in the world of to-day the opportunities to establish entirely new companies in international trade and business are extremely slight.

Keystone photograph

Ivar Kreuger

As things are now, it seems to Mr. Kreuger that "an industrial organization of any kind is so complicated and so difficult to create that in many lines of business it is practically impossible to start an entirely new enterprise." And the New York papers quote him further:

In the case of industries depending upon natural resources such as the steel industry or the oil industry, it is still more evident that a new enterprise would be seriously handicapped in the competition with older ones.

It seems to me that we have now passed the era of new industrial undertakings, and this fact, in my opinion, is an important consideration which should not be forgotten in judging the value of shares in old-established enterprises.

"RATHER startling," the New York *Journal of Commerce* finds this assertion from one of the world's great captains of industry that "the world has reached a period of industrial stabilization." And it goes on to consider the significance of his argument:

As a matter of fact, the kind of stabilization that Mr. Kreuger regards as significant and important for the development of industry is chiefly to be found in the persistence of certain financial organizations functioning in the industrial field under changing managements, carrying on new types of activity, and often invading alien territory. In the end, these metamorphosed undertakings frequently bear but a remote resemblance to the original units from which they sprang.

With such reservations it may be admitted that most of the large combinations and world monopolies that were in existence twenty or thirty years ago have managed to survive a succession of radical industrial changes that might easily have submerged them.

That survival has, however, been the consequence of a process of adaptation to new conditions which has induced old established concerns to make incursions into new fields, only remotely, or often not at all, related to their original activities.

In undertaking such expansion, furthermore, established concerns have had the indispensable assistance provided by development of the holding company and its many variants. The holding company has made it possible for the relatively specialized manufacturing combinations and monopolies of a generation ago to bring under their control new postwar industries, and at the same time to extend their activities into strange markets and foreign countries.

The International Match organization of which the Swedish firm of Kreuger & Toll is the head, offers an outstanding example of the way in which, in a world of change, established enterprises manage to perpetuate and to expand their influence.

Their triumph over the forces of change is, however, the result of financial instead of technological industrial superiority.

Similarly, electrical equipment combinations to-day doing a world-wide business are able to expand and to discourage the efforts of potential competitors in their fields by virtue of the close connections between the interests engaged in the manufacture of electrical equipment and those prepared to finance companies desiring to buy such equipment. It is because the modern industrial combination is as much, often more, a financial than a producing unit, that the chances for the emergence of entirely new concerns dominated by outsiders have become extremely limited.

BUT how far such a condition really makes for industrial stability, *The Journal of Commerce* finds questionable:

For individual organizations it does make possible the attainment of more assured dividends and steadier earnings. Companies financially able to seize opportunities that offer to diversify their interests establish themselves in new countries and avoid losses and uncertainties that result from changing tariffs and foreign-trade policies of the countries in which they operate are undeniably favored. And for such reasons they are likely to prove formidable competitors against all newcomers attempting to operate in restricted territory with limited capital.

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King Cotton's Throne Moves Westward

THE rule of King Cotton in Dixie is threatened.

Westward moves the center of cotton production, we read, as the vast Oklahoma and Texas ranches, using machinery, raise more and more of the "one great cash crop" upon which the Southeast depends.

Only by producing better grades, it is declared, can Dixie's farmers survive.

Allen Raymond tells us about this problem confronting the South in one of a series of articles appearing in the New York *Herald Tribune*. He writes:

Texas is now the greatest cotton producer of all the Southern States.

The rise of cheap cotton fields there is one of the reasons why the day of expansion in the Southeastern cotton mills is nearly over. Another reason is the fact that similar great areas are beginning to grow cotton in other parts of the world, and they, too, can produce the Southeast's "one great cash crop" more cheaply.

The proportion of the world's cotton supply produced in Dixie has been decreasing steadily for several years.

The proportion of short-staple cotton—the poorer grades—has been increasing steadily in Dixie for several years. The American short staple, less than an inch in length, has come into competition with the swelling output of short-staple production in India, China, and Africa. The competition of these foreign fields has reduced the price of the American product on the world market until the reward for raising poor cotton in Dixie is poverty.

Yet Dixie raises more and more poor cotton.

The farmers of the Southeast, producing a low-quality crop, have a rival producer of short-staple cotton nearer at home than the distant Orient. In the annual growing contest conducted by the Dallas *News* Texas cotton growers have demonstrated that they can raise a crop at a cost of three to five cents a pound.

No grower in Dixie can meet a price like that. In the production of poor cotton Texas must win.

Then Mr. Raymond tells us why:

Volume production of this crop in Texas is no longer dependent on hand labor, as it is in the States east of the Mississippi. One Texas farmer has brought to maturity and gathered 1,700 bales from 2,000 acres with the help of only five laborers, according to a recent report by Arthur D. Little. Under the old method of cultivation—still used in Dixie—it would require 100 workers to plant and cultivate such an area, and 200 more to pick the crop by hand.

In the area of Texas and Oklahoma, where once the long-horn cattle grazed, and now devoted solely to cotton, there is ground enough to produce 25,000,000 bales a year. The total production of the United States in 1924 was 13,683,000 bales.

PRODUCTION of cotton on a cropper tenancy basis, instead of by the use of labor-saving machinery, is blamed by some economists as the cause of the Southeast's problem. Yet "tenancy and the farming of cotton lands on shares by ignorant croppers increases," says Mr. Raymond, and "the quality of Southeastern cotton

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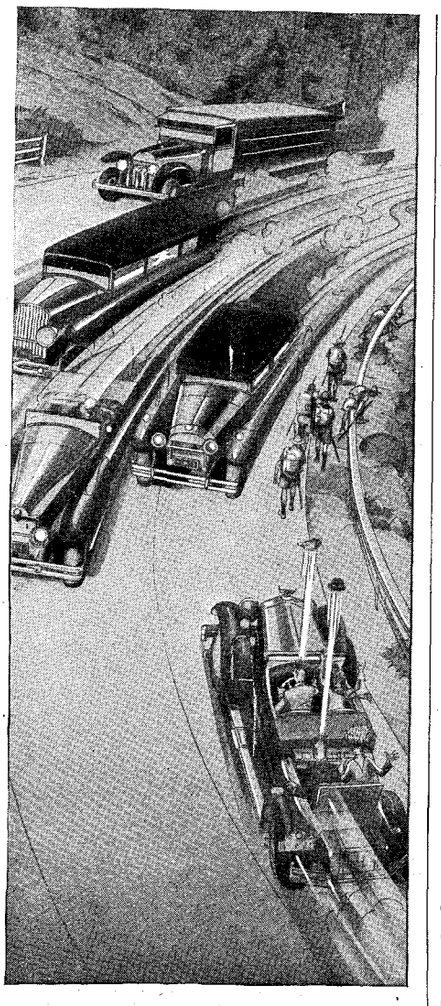

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

production goes down as it faces its greatest crisis." Citing the success of farmers in certain sections who have obtained a premium for producing a long staple product, Mr. Raymond goes on:

With such demonstrations before the Southern farmers, one would think all the area would turn to quality crop.

The reason why it has not is simple.

In the first place, growing a staple cotton is an agricultural specialty in which only those farmers can succeed who pay close attention to seed, cultivation and marketing. The seed will deteriorate within a few years with the treatment the average farmer gives it, and if the cotton is not carefully ginned, it is ruined. Only the farmer who knows how can turn the trick.

After a century of raising cotton most Southern farmers don't really know how to grow it well.

The textile mills bear a share in the responsibility for the failure of the farmers to improve their methods, it is said in Dixie. Many mill owners, it is charged, do not know good cotton from bad. Many more refuse to pay premiums for a good raw material, and by rating it equally with the bad, they help make all bad.

However, Mr. Raymond says, "the Southeast is not going to let its cotton culture decline without a struggle." Then:

Its task is to produce a uniformly and dependably better grade than the West and the Orient, and to obtain a premium for it. If the region can't do that, its leaders admit, it is going under.

Why the Yacht Business Booms

AT least one luxury trade seems unaffected by the recent recession in business activity.

Of course, nobody actually has to have a yacht. And yet, as we read in a Boston dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal*, "the yacht business has pyramided in the past five years." One large boat dealer estimates his 1930 business to be 15 per cent. larger than that of 1929, and 50 per cent. larger than in 1928. The writer in *The Wall Street Journal* goes on to comment briefly on this trend:

Five years back, the large power and steam yachts were looked upon as a thing of the past.

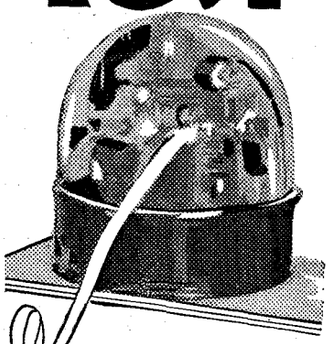
But development of the internal combustion engine cut down fuel and crew expense and made refueling an infrequent and simple task.

Better accommodations designed for smaller space have helped restore the large craft to popular favor. New dependability for sailing yachts by general installation of auxiliary motors revived a waning prestige in that class. The growth of this large tonnage group has accordingly gone back to normal.

Small craft, flourishing on account of dense city automobile traffic, have shown an abnormal increase.

At present, about 100 builders and

Why you WIN OR LOSE in the stock market



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signers in the country show annual sales of more than $50,000 each. Altho two concerns now manufacture 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the large yachts produced in the country, the trend among boat craftsmen is toward a well-rounded line covering all classes. Akin to the motor industry, large-scale production is in to stay from purchasing and distributive companies.

Yachts of 16 tons or over documented in Massachusetts, December 31, 1929, numbered 252, an increase of 29 over the 223 yachts of that class in 1928. Tonnage in 1929 was 14,539, an advance of 2,981 tons over the 11,558 registered in 1928. Of these State figures, Boston registered 179 craft in 1929 with tonnage of 12,359 compared with 152 vessels of 9,246 tons in 1928.

Popularity of smaller craft is evidenced by growth in motor-boats under 16 tons. State figures for 1929 show 12,648 compared with 12,201 boats in 1928 and 11,762 in 1927.

New construction over the country has made rapid strides.

For the year ended June 30, 1929, 322 yachts of 16 tons or more were built, with aggregate tonnage of 15,756. These were 98 or 42 per cent. more than the 234 craft of 12,776 tons built in the year ended June 30, 1927. Tonnage increase in the two years amounted to 2,980 or 23 per cent.

Boat builders see potential demand for yachts in the rapid development of juvenile sailing. Popularity of yachting among women has brought demand for a second and third boat to augment single ownership. Toward increased sailing in 1930, the races for the *America's* Cup should be a stimulating factor.

Stock Market Will Pick Up, When, As, and If—

LAST week's sharp break in stock prices lends interest to a statistical authority's enumeration of the signals for real enthusiasm for an advance. Laurence H. Sloan, of Standard Statistics, is quoted in the New York *Evening Post* as suggesting that "during the interval in which the bud is maturing into a flower" there will be among the most significant foreshadowing signals of a reviving bull market:

1. Stabilization of commodity prices, or, better still, a definite reversal of the current downward trend.
2. Sizable expansion in the aggregate volume of physical production.
3. Expansion in consumer demand for new automobiles.
4. The backing up of additional funds in the mortgage-loan market and a revival of residential building.
5. Expansion in commercial loans.
6. Evidence that less business is being taken on a non-profit basis by producers who had surplus stocks in the last general business depression (1921), and who have surplus capacity in this one.
7. Evidence of a reasonably satisfactory 1930 agricultural campaign.
8. Improvement in world economic conditions.

Need No Help.—You can fool some of the people all of the time and all the the people some of the time, but the rest of the time they will make fools of themselves.—*Judge.*

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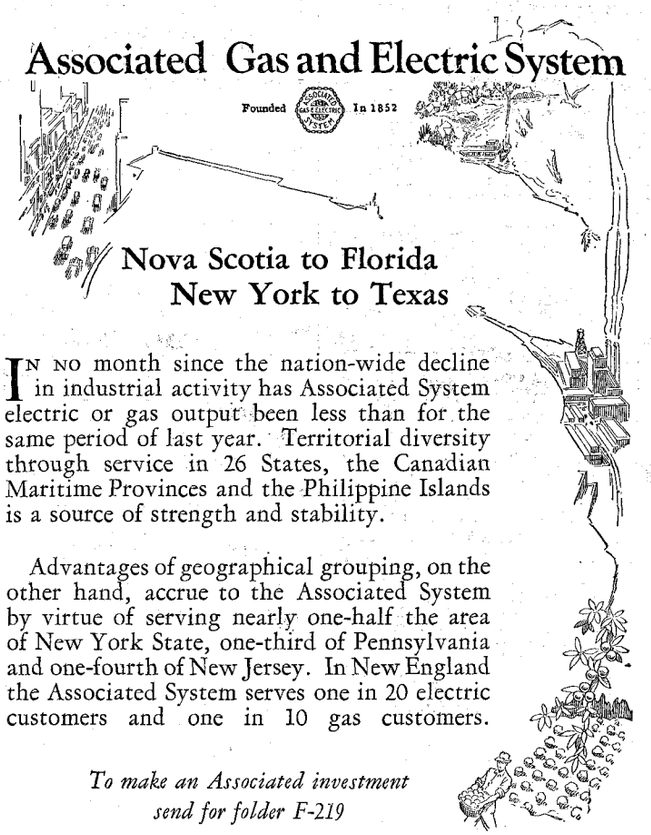

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

June 4.—The dock strike at Rangoon, India, in which more than 200 were killed, is settled, and the Burmese capital is reported normal again.

The Epsom Derby, England's great racing classic, is won by the Aga Khan's Blenheim, an 18 to 1 shot.

June 5.—The General Federation of French Production and the National Association for Economic Expansion serve notice that the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, if passed, will result in European cooperation for "measures of protection," and say that certain nations have already prepared schemes for reprisals.

Prime Minister MacDonald informs the House of Commons that the Government has decided against the construction of the proposed Channel tunnel to France.

A battle breaks out between a large force of Afghan tribesmen and a brigade of British and Indian troops in the Peshawur district.

Chinese Nanking troops are reported retreating before the Northern rebels in Shantung Province, and Tsinan is said to be in danger of capture by the rebels.

June 6.—After five years in exile, former Crown Prince Carol returns by airplane to Roumania.

Dr. Albert Einstein, celebrated scientist, announces his new theory that space is a material reality.

The *Graf Zeppelin* arrives back at Friedrichshafen, Germany, after having traveled 18,000 miles since her departure on May 18.

After suffering severe casualties, the Afghan tribesmen who had invaded the Peshawur district in India are driven out by British troops.

June 7.—Dr. Henry Albert Von Baligand, German Minister to Portugal, is killed in Lisbon by a German assassin.

The Maniu Government in Roumania resigns to make way for the proclamation of former Crown Prince Carol as King.

June 8.—Carol is proclaimed King of Roumania, the act by which he had renounced his right to the throne being annulled by the Roumanian Parliament.

Feng Yu-hsiang, one of the leaders of the Northern drive against the Nanking Government in China, is reported to have suggested to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Government, that he resign, and that both go abroad together, in order to bring peace to the country.

June 9.—The first volume of the report of the Simon Commission in India reaffirms self-government as the goal of the British policy in India, and points out the vast difficulties, such as the economic and administrative structure of the country and the age-long traditions and lack of national unity, in the way.

The Chinese Nanking Government is reported fighting a defensive battle against the Southern rebels at Yochow, Hunan Province. The Southern drive is against Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang, 175 miles down the Yangtze River from Yochow.

June 10.—The Chinese Nanking Nationalist forces are reported defeated by the Kwangsi army near Yochow and retreating northward toward Wuchang.

Greece and Turkey sign an accord at Istanbul, Turkey, which ends the hundred years' enmity between the two countries.

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Domestic

June 4.—The House passes the bill modifying the Jones law so that the manufacture, sale, or transportation of not more than one gallon of intoxicating liquor by any one not an habitual law violator is deemed a "casual" violation, punishable by a fine of not more than $500, or a jail sentence of not more than six months. The Moore bill allowing an accused to waive jury trial is passed, 228 to 107.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., declines to answer specific questions put to him by the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee as to his personal political activities in the 1928 Presidential campaign, but issues a statement to the press in which he gives an itemized account of the expenditure of $48,300 contributed by E. C. Jameson of New York, and defends this expenditure as "so small a sum compared with $107,000 reported as expended by the Virginia State Democratic Committee to elect a wet Tammany candidate."

June 5.—President Hoover tells Senator Borah that he desires to have the London Naval Treaty disposed of before Congress finally adjourns, either at the regular session or at a special session.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., walks out of the hearing room of the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee, and challenges the Committee to subpena him.

The tariff bill goes back to the conferees when Vice-President Curtis holds that they had exceeded their authority in making changes on four items.

June 6.—The Senate votes, 45 to 16, to reject a proposal by Senator Tydings, of Maryland, that no ingredient be used in denaturing industrial alcohol which would render it "destructive to human life."

By direction of President Hoover, Secretary Stimson declines to deliver to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations the confidential communication of the American Government with other Powers preceding the London Naval Conference.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., says in a published statement that he "intended no discourtesy to the Senate" in walking out of the hearing before the lobby committee.

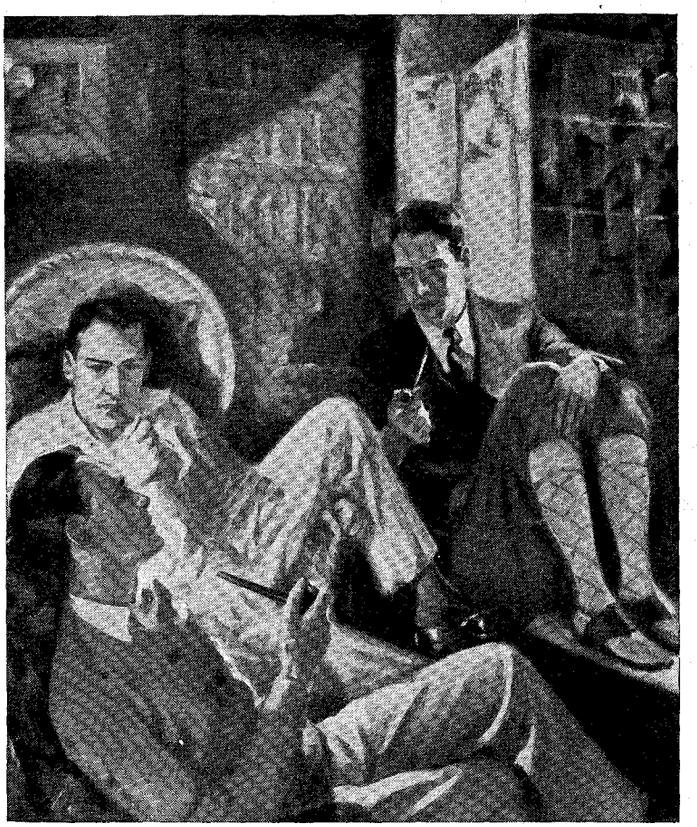
June 7.—The biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, meeting in Denver, adopts a resolution reaffirming its conviction, "that Prohibition offers the best means of curbing the liquor traffic and its attendant crimes."

June 8.—Senator Furnifold M. Simmons, for thirty years leader of the Democratic party in North Carolina, is defeated by Josiah W. Bailey for the Democratic nomination to the Senate.

June 9.—Alfred L. Lingle, a veteran reporter of the Chicago *Tribune*, who is said to have had intimate knowledge of the secrets of gangland, is murdered by a gunman, and rewards totaling $55,000 are offered for information leading to the conviction of the slayer.

In an address in Boston, George W. Wickersham, chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, counsels that the Prohibition Enforcement laws be modified, saying that the promotion of temperance by education is more effective than enforcement with harsh penalties for violation.

June 10.—The Rankin bill to liberalize compensation for World War veterans is favorably reported by the Senate Finance Committee. The bill represents a cost of about $75,000,000.



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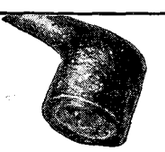

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Why Wives Stay Put. — "My wife says if I don't chuck golf, she'll leave me."

"I say—hard luck!"

"Ye-es. I'll miss her."—*London Opinion.*

New Kimberley.— YVONNE—"Whatever induced Dora to take up golf so suddenly?"

YVETTE—"Oh, she read a newspaper article about somebody finding a diamond in the rough."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Terrible Temptation. — "My little daughter has swallowed a gold piece and has got to be operated on. I wonder if Dr. Robinson is to be trusted?"

"Without a doubt. He's absolutely honest."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Cuts Both Ways. — MRS. NAGGE —"Statistics prove that marriage is a preventive of suicide."

MR. NAGGE—"Yes, and statistics also prove that suicide is a preventive of marriage."—*Richmond Herald.*

All Depends. — "You've been convicted fourteen times of this offense — aren't you ashamed to own to that?"

"No, your worship. I don't think one ought to be ashamed of his convictions."—*Montreal Star.*

Ask Dad, He Knows. — "I was sorry for your wife in church this morning when she had a terrific attack of coughing and every one turned to look at her."

"You needn't worry about that. She was wearing a new spring hat."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lacks the Repose of Vere de Vere. —MRS. HOSKINSON — "I have found out one thing about that Mrs. Newcome. Whoever she is, she has certainly never moved in good society."

MR. HOSKINSON—"How do you know that?"

"She shakes hands as if she meant it."—*Worcester Times.*

Needs More Elbow Room. — Speaking of the good old days, do you remember the old-fashioned girl who used to make ash receivers out of cigar bands? Well, she now has a daughter who makes one out of the parlor rug.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

As Some Have Learned.—"Money can do anything in this world."

"You are mistaken," answered Senator Sorghum. "Money may sometimes get a man in the United States Senate, but it can't always keep him there."—*Washington Star.*

He's Got Her Dated.—GOLF WIDOW—"You think so much of your old golf game that you don't even remember when we were married."

BUG—"Of course I do, my dear; it was the day I sank that thirty-foot putt."—*London Opinion.*

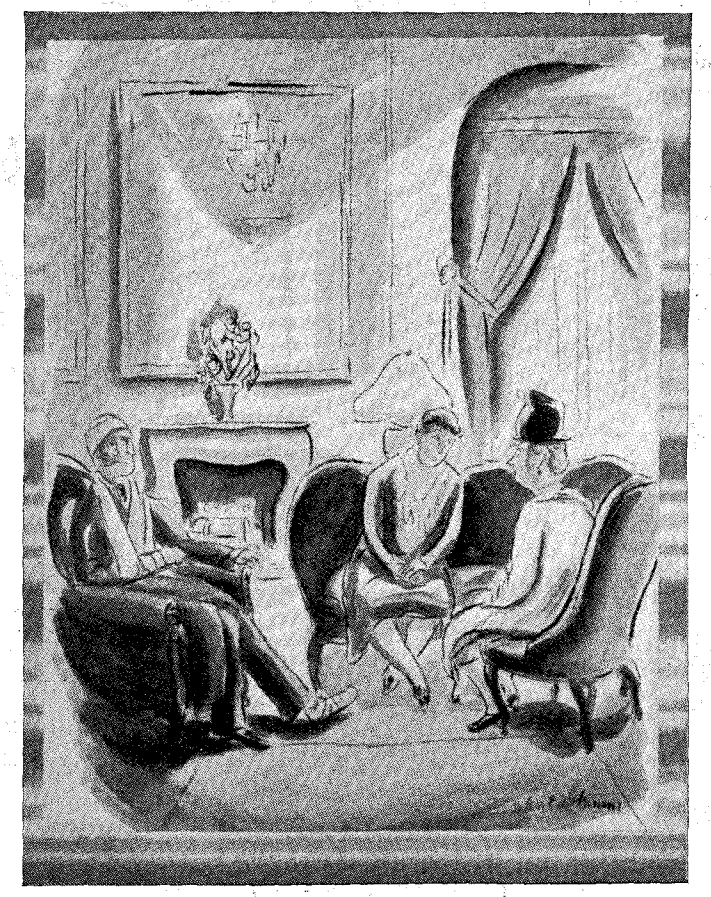
Edible Mail.—We're mad at fortune-tellers. One told us we would receive several interesting letters, and we rushed home and were served alphabet soup.—*Life.*

Diplomacy. — "Did you make the debating team?"

"N-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Domestic Yes-Man.—"The man who gives in when he knows he is right is weak," says a novelist.

Or, of course, married!—*Border Cities Star.*



"Yes, all Albert needs now is a good lawyer."

—"The New Yorker."

No Perjurer.—"You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered a barrister, cross-examining a witness. "If I wasn't on oath I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.—*Border Cities Star.*

Salubrious Solitude.—A Highlander who the plays bagpipes every day for an hour has just celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of his birthday. His longevity may possibly be explained by the fact that his nearest neighbor lives nearly a mile away.—*London Humorist.*

Not So Bright.—There had been a motor wreck. One of the drivers climbed out in a fit of temper and strode up to a man standing on the sidewalk, thinking him to be the other driver.

"Say, where is your tail light?" he roared.

The innocent bystander looked up at him. "Wot do you think I am—a bloomin' lightning bug?"—*Humorist (London).*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Umbrellas Free? — Roof for Rent — Single or double twin beds if preferred.—*Ad in a Hazelton (Pa.) paper.*

They Generally Know.—

DAVIS WILL DEFEAT GRUNDY, POLITICAL PROFITS SAY.

—*Head-line in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Short Commons for Cupid. — No Governor in many years has been able to love on the salary paid him, even tho he is supplied with a furnished home rent-free.—*Petersburg (Va.) paper.*

Well-Balanced Bride.—Miss ——, given in marriage by her father, walked the flowered-covered chancel rail wearing a gown of ivory satin trimmed in old lace.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

When the Divots Flew. — Washington, May 10 (A.P). — The mountains where as a youth he mined for golf have lured Herbert Hoover back for his summer vacation as President.—*Yonkers (N. Y.) Herald.*

Who'll Enforce 'Em?—At 178th and 179th streets, four city blocks have been cleared for the roadway, which will lead to the bridge 250 feet above the river and will have eight traffic laws.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Yet It Seems Like Yesterday.—He charged that Morrow's program is an exact reproduction of the program of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and that by adopting it Morrow repudiated the Kansas City platform of 1028.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Little Strangers in Wonderland.—Quadruplets — all girls — were born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. tense heat and so spent several hours flying over Gibraltar, northern Africa and southern Spain.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) paper.*

Needs Target Practice.—

MRS. M'QUILLER IS STRESSING USE OF EGGS AT MEETINGS

—*Monroe (La.) News-Star.*

Refreshing Frankness.—

SILK DRESSES

for ladies and misses, all sorts of them which had been priced here previously at several times their worth

—*From a Newberg (Ore.) sales bill.*

By Television?—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. B—— are closing their home on Lucerne Circle and will leave the last of this week for Long Island. They will spend the summer in Europe at their home in South Bristol, Maine.—*Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel.*

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